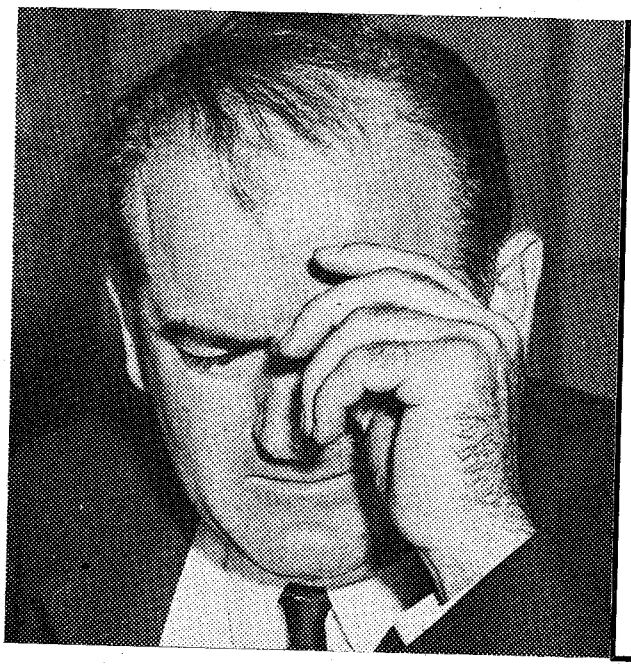
20c • MAY 17, 1954

How Does Herblock Do It?

New Republic



TRIAL BY TELEVISION

2. The Senator Takes the Stand

Pulitzer Play—No Prize

By ERIC BENTLEY

Action in Asia—A British View

By DENIS HEALEY

Exclusive—The Uranium Give-away Plan

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
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Johnson City, Tennessee
MAY 17 1954

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Washington Wire T. R. B.

So far as we can learn here the fall of Dien Bien Phu, though tragic, need not be a disaster if Allied unity can be maintained. On the other hand the natural GOP effort to minimize it and cover it up doesn't tell the whole truth either. Our trouble really began with the hasty post-election Administration armistice in Korea. This released Chinese power to push the war in Viet-Nam. Now the French have suffered a bitter loss there, and the advancing push may spread to all Southeast Asia. Maybe we can stop it; maybe we can't.

But it is going to take money and sacrifice, and the Administration's whole emphasis so far has been the other way. It has cut the Army, cut taxes and lulled the nation with talk about "massive retaliation." This is no time for partisanship; personally we wish Ike and Dulles well and hope they do as good a job as Truman and Acheson. If only the Republicans hadn't been so self-righteous! Things would be so much easier for them now.

For example, January 7, in his State of the Union message, Ike soothingly proclaimed that, "There has been in fact a great strategic change in the world during the past year," and he urged the nation to "hold this new initiative, and to use it. (applause)." Vice President Nixon, March 14, developed the thought: ". . . This is vitally important, we have finally seized the ideological offensive from the Communists all over the world." (This was two months before Dien Bien Phu.) In the same speech, answering Adlai Stevenson, Nixon ejaculated: "And incidentally, in mentioning Secretary Dulles, isn't it wonderful, finally, to have a Secretary of State who isn't taken in by the Communists; who stands up to them—?" (It was fair game, you see, to taunt Acheson, though some Republican papers now deplore criticism of Dulles.)

For some reason or other it's the Nixon words that we remember; it was in his same reply to Stevenson that he boasted that since Eisenhower took over "in not one area of the world have the Communists made a significant gain."

Democrats, we fear, are going to find a good many quotations this fall, just in checking over Nixon's addresses. Do you remember his famous Sept. 24, 1952, campaign broadcast, explaining his supplementary expense fund? He presented himself as an honest, hard-working fellow with rather grave financial problems: a $20,000 mortgage on his Washington home, a $10,000 mortgage on his Whittier, California, home, a debt of $4,500 to the Riggs (D.C.) bank, another $3,500 to his parents and a $500 loan on his life insurance. "I should say this," he added, "Pat doesn't have a mink coat. But she does have a respectable Republican cloth coat." That was good rousing political fodder, all right. The *Washington Daily News*, April 28, 1954, reports: "Mrs. Richard M. Nixon has confirmed she added a white ermine stole to her wardrobe. . . . " It is nice to know that this fine young couple are coming along. Jumped the mink stage altogether, it appears.

We seem to be in a nostalgic mood this week. Thumbing through our files we came upon a splendid 2-column financial page box from *Time* magazine, dated June 8, 1953. It had the authentic oracular note which only Luce publications seem to achieve, and it expounded and justified the Treasury's policy of contracting credit. The title was "The Tight Money Policy: Making the Dollar Worth More." We put the article aside at the time because we thought that maybe we were wrong in opposing the "tight money" policy and in arguing in these columns that the danger was deflation, not inflation. Well, the CIO is in Washington this week urging the Administration to do something to stop unemployment. Maybe they will be interested in this quotation: "Secretary Humphrey, who feels that inflation is still a danger, wants to work credit fat off the economy in a full employment period when it will not be missed. . . . Without such tightening now, the weapon of credit would be useless and the nation would have foolishly thrown away one of its best weapons to fight a recession." Impressive, isn't it?

The longer the Army-McCarthy battle continues the more people are saying, "But Ike is really responsible for the appeasement policy." Since this is true, the Republicans are naturally doing their utmost to get the show off the road. Our impression is that McCarthy has been damaged heavily by the affair; not by his doctored photographs, not by the revelation of the "McCarthy Underground" that feeds him classified government secrets, not even by the repellent crew around him, but by the sheer, factual, hour-by-hour revelation of his methods and manners. What average observer isn't saying, as blue-chinned McCarthy intervenes to make speeches on the TV screen, insolently over-rides supine Chairman Mundt, employs insulting familiarities, calls one man after another liar or traitor, twists facts that have just been uttered—"But what a man! Has this really been going on all this time in Washington?" This is our idea of educational television.

Notes: Truman's appeal to Ike to "be a President" at his 70th birthday celebration, was strangely ironic; Ike came to office with a conscious determination to go slow on the unexpressed Constitutional powers of the Presidency. . . . Before Ike changed course he almost let McCarthy capture the Presidency. . . . Ike has seemed strangely slow, too, in understanding the effect of French defeat in Southeast Asia. . . . Cocky Democrats have lost their awe of Ike, their fear of McCarthy and their belief in the possibility of November defeat; they may be over-confident. . . . The economic situation is still ambiguous; there's been a satisfactory seasonal drop in unemployment but in June 1,600,000 youths graduate to hunt jobs; also the big corporate profits Wall Street reports are based in large part on tax cuts, and are actually made on smaller sales. . . . One explanation for rising stock prices is the chance of a new armament boom, when the Administration restores cut defense funds.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Indo-China: The US No Longer Leads

THE COMMUNISTS won Dien Bien Phu by literally flooding it with human bodies —until the muzzles of defending guns were plugged by flesh, then trampled underfoot. The cost in lives to the Communists was enormous. That they were willing—eager,seemingly—to pay that price, emphasizes the importance of the maneuvering at Geneva and pinpoints the weak spot in the Western position there—we are desperately gambling with one card; if we are outgambled and lose, the Communists will have us and can keep us off-balance for a long time. Dien Bien Phu was the first part of the Communist gambit; the second, a drive on the Red River Delta and Hanoi has begun.

Our one counter is the French proposal—of English origin—for a truce based upon the partition of Indo-China. This plan would push the Communists into one section of the peninsula—the Northeast, along the Chinese border—and transform the present nightmare in which insurgents roam the breadth of the land in the guise of "liberators" into a conventional face-to-face setting of hostile camps in which Communist expansion can be neatly labeled "aggression." With a NATO-like organization of free Western and Asian nations guaranteeing the new frontiers, further Communist expansion would be a far more hazardous undertaking, and one far more difficult to justify.

The Communists would like something better, something much closer to a victory. Yet, with China unwilling to become further committed than she is, Ho Chi Minh cannot hope to conquer the entire peninsula. *But he can hope, given the instability of French governments and mounting French demand for an end to the war, to batter the French into accepting a truce under conditions permitting him to infiltrate the entire peninsula.* Such an objective could in his eyes justify the abandon with which he is throwing his limited forces against the French in the kind of open battles he has consistently avoided in the past. That he hopes to achieve it indicates that he and his mentors have accurately gauged the weakness of the US position at Geneva.

The US holds that any truce not containing "proper safeguards" against eventual Communist infiltration of all Indo-China would be a surrender—one we will not tolerate. What have we to back up that position?

Almost nothing. If we cannot get an "acceptable" truce in Indo-China, we must win the war. But the Republican "new-look instant-retaliation" policy has left us without the means to win alone in Indo-China: we could not muster there sufficient ground forces without dangerously weakening ourselves in all other areas of possible aggression, and the "big bombs" won't work in this kind of war. We are likewise barred from contributing ground forces to a "united action" by the fictions in which Republicans invested so heavily during the campaign. The American people have been told again and again that wars like "Truman's War" in Korea are unnecessary. They have been told that Republicans can contain Communism and cut defense spending all at once. And they have been encouraged to believe that America is so powerful that setbacks in US policy can only be explained by treason or criminal stupidity. How then can Republicans in Congress vote to send American boys to fight in Indo-China—in an election year?

These are the reasons why the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Arthur Radford, was reduced to recommending air-naval intervention in Indo-China despite the insistence of the other three Chiefs of Staff that such action would be worse than useless. Dulles, trying to sell the scheme to the English, was similarly rebuffed. He was told that if the US had nothing more serious to suggest, nothing should be done until after Geneva. So the US, playing the role of a bystander because its delegation has neither a mandate from Congress to negotiate nor a position to negotiate from, watches while France negotiates.

Perhaps there is little chance that the Communists can defeat the strong French forces in the Red River Delta—the strategic heart of Indo-China. But if Ho Chi Minh chooses to expend his forces with the ferocity demonstrated at Dien Bien Phu, he can put a severely demoralizing pressure on the French and their government. How will the US counter that pressure?

The threat of withdrawing economic aid could still exert a real—but diminishing influence to keep the French in Indo-China. Faced with a Western defeat at Geneva, England, threatened in nearby Malaya, would probably join in a serious, practical plan for containing the Communist threat in Southeast Asia. Secretary of Defense Wilson and now President Eisenhower have begun to hint that US military policy during the past two years has been nonsensical and to speak of a "reappraisal." But the results of a "second new look" would not be tangible for another two years. And

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the dispatch of an international force to fight with the French will do little good unless the loyalty of the Indo-Chinese people is won. *The stigma of "colonialism" must be removed from the Indo-Chinese War if the spread of Communism there is to be stopped.*

In his most recent address to the nation Dulles emphasized the necessity of a hard and fast guarantee of Indo-China independence. In considering what he must do if Geneva fails, he will be examining the possibilities of including Asian troops to make a "united action" on the battlefield of Indo-China respectable to Asians. The Philippines could and perhaps would provide some troops. Also Thailand. Some Koreans have offered themselves. Then, of course, the Republican Party's China Lobby would insist on the use of Chiang Kai-shek's army. The possibility of open Chinese-Communist intervention if Chiang were "de-mothballed" will have to be very carefully weighed—as well as the feelings of the Southeast Asians about Chinese in general and Chiang's Chinese in particular.

Wherever Dulles turns for a solution, he will find that his party has been there before him, circumscribing his freedom of choice and of action. Yet *he* must come up with solutions or his party will be quick to turn on him. Perhaps the single most valuable decision he could make would be to abandon the slogans and the fictions. He needs and the nation needs a foreign policy supported by both parties, and, above all, by a public which knows the truth of things.

Jefferson-Jackson Unity

THE Democratic National Committee and 1,450 party leaders from all over the US gathered in Washington on May 6 to contribute $100 apiece to a congressional campaign fund for 1954 and to make a proper show of unity to contrast with the family fights going on among the Republicans. The public dinner at which former President Truman, Senate and House Minority Leaders Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn were the principal speakers was a one-big-happy-family affair. In the closed sessions of the National Committee, however, disagreements and grievances were frankly aired. National Chairman Stephen Mitchell was sharply criticized on two counts. Spokesmen for Democratic women leaders rose to complain that since Mitchell abolished the Women's Division and "integrated" its functions with others of the National Committee, National Vice-Chairman India Edwards and the National Committeewomen elected from each state have been by-passed on policy matters and forced to learn about Party plans from stories in the newspapers. Mr. Mitchell promised to do better. Several National Committeemen demanded to know if Mitchell's repudiation of James Roosevelt and Rep. Robert Condon as Democratic candidates for Congress represented a new policy which might later be applied to them. This Mitchell vigorously denied: the California cases were exceptions and would not become the rule, he promised.

The appearance of unity among those of all shades of Democratic opinion at the Jackson Day dinner became substance, however, two days later when the Senate took up the Administration's proposed amendments to the Taft-Hartley Act. On that vote, expertly organized by Minority Leader Johnson and Whip Earle Clements (Ky.), Democrats disclosed greater unity on a labor issue than at any time since the Norris-LaGuardia Act of 1932. Every one of the 48 Democrats in the Senate was recorded as voting: 46 to recommit the Administration's bill and 2 paired for recommittal. This remarkable feat of organization was accomplished, to be sure, without reference to the central issue of fair labor relations. The point made by Johnson and Clements in persuading usually anti-labor Southern Senators to vote in the way that union lobbyists were urging pro-labor Senators to vote was that unless the measure was recommited promptly, an amendment offered by Senators Lehman and Humphrey to include fair employment practices legislation in the bill stood a chance of passing. The Southerners were persuaded, the bill was recommitted. And 100-percent Democratic unity was proved to be more than a matter of after-dinner speeches.

Free Air

ONE THING about the Army hearings does please McCarthy—he's getting on television every day, hours and hours at a time. He likes it, and he isn't about to give it up. Now that live coverage of the hearings has begun to slip, he's thinking about the bleak on-television-once-a-month-or-so future. So he's written himself a bill. The Congress and the President will soon have an opportunity to make it the law of the land.

McCarthy's bill would require all radio and television stations to provide free time for reply to any person "attacked" over their facilities on free time. If this were passed, of course, McCarthy would be peering at you in your living room as often as he liked—no man has shown a keener nose for a "personal attack upon me."

McCarthy's "filibuster by cross-examination" has discouraged some of the networks as the hearings entered their third week. All of the radio networks, except ABC which continues live cover-

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Michael Straight, *Editor*
Gilbert A. Harrison, *Publisher*
Helen Fuller, *Managing Editor*
Allan E. Aird, *Business Manager*

Tom Fitzsimmons, *Staff Writer*
F. R. Ruskin, *Administrative Assistant*
Eric Bentley, *Theatre Critic*
Robert Evett, *Book Editor*
Lucille Davis, *Copy Assistant*

Contributing Critics: W. H. Auden, Bruce Bliven, Dudley Fitts, Joseph Frank, Gerald W. Johnson, V. O. Key Jr., Max Lerner, Richard Lester, Arthur Mizener, James R. Newman, Kathleen Raine, John Crowe Ransom, Herbert Read, Robert Richman, Mark Schorer, Stephen Spender, Allen Tate

Washington Wire, by T.R.B. 2
Behind the Headlines 3
Trial by Television 6
Reports on the Primaries 9
Herblock 14
Open Letter, by Irving Brant 16
Anti-Communist . . . BUT! 18
by Samuel P. Hayes Jr.
London Dispatch 21
by Denis Healey
Books and Comment 22
Music 26
Theatre 28

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age of morning sessions, have retreated in giving recorded "highlights." And only the two smaller television networks, Dumont and ABC, with few commercial daytime shows to cancel, have been able to bear up under live coverage of all morning and afternoon sessions.

The defection of NBC from the "full-coverage" circuit has dismayed some of committee Special Counsel Ray Jenkins' Tennessee friends. Old Guard Republican leaders in that state thought they at long last had found an answer to Democrat Estes Kefauver. They've been boosting Jenkins for the Senate since the hearings opened, and there's no doubt that he can have the GOP nomination for the asking. But NBC provides virtually the only television outlet in the state—and when it dropped its "live" show, the hope that Jenkins would have the same kind of television vehicle that catapulted Kefauver to national fame died a'borning.

People really are looking at the hearings. Hairdressers report the ladies refuse to make appointments for after ten o'clock. In New York half again as many people have succumbed to mid-afternoon viewing as in March-April. Special Hooperatings in New York show that interest has been increasing as the hearings continue.

Political Marathon

THE *Talkathon* may soon provide one answer to the high cost of politicking over radio and television. This technique of sitting before a television camera for 24 or more hours in a row and answering questions phoned in by the general public was first used successfully by Governor Dewey of New York in his 1950 campaign for re-election. Now a young "unknown" Texas oil millionaire, State Rep. Dudley Dougherty, is using the talkathon to challenge Senate Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson in the Democratic primary. Dougherty calls it "the best way to reach the most people for the smallest amount of money."

The cost is low because a candidate can use a local station during its low-cost night hours instead of expensive state-network time, and he is assured of newspaper publicity which keeps the folks waiting for him to come to their town.

While You Weren't Looking

The Undermining of Public Power

I—Snake River, Idaho

THE HELL'S CANYON fight is on again. Federal Power Commission hearings resumed May 10. The issue—whether there will be built on the Snake River at Hell's Canyon, a single, high dam fitting into a plan for comprehensive power conservation, flood control and recreation development of the Columbia Basin, or three, small earth filled dams best fitting, in the words of its president, the needs of the Idaho Power Company. Interior Secretary McKay already has withdrawn the previous Administration's plan for a high dam and given the nod to Idaho Power, so the fight for multi-purpose development has been taken up by a citizen's organization—the Hell's Canyon Association.

The Administration's determination to turn over the choice Hell's Canyon power site to a private power company is explained as part of its plan to encourage natural resources development by "local" interests. Idaho Power certainly has a "local" name—but holders of 66.39 percent of its stock reside on the East Coast, only 6.38 percent live in the "local" intermountain area.

Idaho Power has informed the authorities that it spent, in 1953, $238,522 presenting its case. The Hell's Canyon Association has spent some $30,000. Idaho Power also declares—whatever it means—that it has expended "approximately $650,000 applicable to the three-plant program."

A large chunk of Idaho's spending goes for propaganda. As the hearings open, for example, the Northwest is being deluged with copies of a 24-page booklet titled "The Hell's Canyon Issue in Simple Terms." The source of the pamphlet—Idaho Power—is admitted only in very fine print. And the "terms" have been kept simple by the simplest of methods: the booklet contains only the Idaho Power testimony during the first few weeks of last year's hearings. The evidence presented during the following eight months — which broke down all the principal contentions contained in the booklet——not only is excluded, no one could tell from the booklet that it exists.

II—Pacific Northwest

THE FIRST Bonneville Power Administration kilowatts became available to the Pacific Northwest in 1939. During the next eight years industrial payrolls in the area increased by 329 percent—the national average was 284 percent. Now the population there is 40 percent above the 1940 level, and 90 percent of the farmers can afford electricity. Most important to this growth has been cheap, plentiful Bonneville power.

But the Bonneville apple has been ripe for the picking for some time now. The private power people have wanted it so badly they could taste it. Now they think they're going to get it. The Republican Administration has looked sympathetically upon their distress, and their particular friend, Interior Secretary Douglas McKay, has been shaking the tree for them — cutting Bonneville appropriations, necessary for expansion to meet new demand, stripping it of planning functions, giving the private power companies to understand they would get preference over Bonneville in the allocation of choice power sites. Anxious not to fumble the catch when the apple falls —five Northwest companies — Pacific Power and Light, Portland General Electric, Mountain States Power, Washington Power, and Montana Power — have joined in a super-combine: the Pacific Northwest Power Company, a big outfit.

There are, of course, a few legal hurdles in the path of this giant—notably the Public Utility Act of 1935 restricting power monopolies and "holding companies." But, as we reported in these pages last week, ways and means of changing that law are being considered by the Administration, and an "opening the door" bill already introduced by Chairman Charles A. Wolverton (R, N.J.) of the House Commerce Committee.

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Trial by Television

II. McCARTHY TAKES THE STAND

by Michael Straight

THE SPIRIT was bright and cheery as the Senate Subcommittee reconvened on the morning of May 5. The Generals who sat behind Secretary Stevens, as immobile as stone statues on Easter Island, had broken out in summer tans. The guards joked as they herded the crowd of spectators into the Senate Caucus Room. And through the crowd, with police in front and aides behind, came Senator McCarthy, happy and natty in a dark blue suit and light blue tie. Moving down the long committee table, he gripped each Senator in turn with the politician's arm-and-hand clasp. So he came to Stuart Symington and Henry Jackson, two Democratic Senators he had worked hard to defeat in 1952. Leaning over them with his arms around their shoulders and glancing up to be sure that the photographers were recording the scene, he drew discomfited chuckles from them in response to his garish laughter. Settling into his chair at the table's end, he looked around him as a batter surveys his field. And this reporter, unknown to him, but seated in a place reserved for CBS, was the target of three intimate and knowing grins.

Nor was the mood lost as the hearings began. Senator McCarthy began by proposing to give Secretary Stevens a long weekend so that he could "come back Monday and start fresh." Later General Miles Reber, the brother of a distinguished career diplomat, was excused only to be halted by the resonant voice of Senator McCarthy as he reached the door. One week before the Senator had asserted (without any evidence and contrary to the truth) that Reber's brief testimony was motivated by a desire for revenge because McCarthy had helped drive his brother from the government as a security risk. Now, in the name of the entire committee, McCarthy loudly and beneficently bade him Godspeed.

In all this jollity, only Mr. Welch seemed to stand apart. It was "Stu" to Senator Symington, "Scoop" to Senator Jackson, "Bob" to Secretary Stevens, and they all suffered it in silence; but it would not be "Joe" from Senator McCarthy to the proper Bostonian. Two days before McCarthy had insinuated bad faith in claiming that Mr. Welch had "welshed" on an agreement. And so, when an executive session was proposed, the Army Counsel absented himself, explaining "the Senator has said such ungracious things about me that I prefer not to attend."

It was all beguiling. But beneath the camaraderie there was discernible a thread of tense and purposeful activity on Senator McCarthy's part. As the hearings opened, he accused Senator Jackson of possessing transcripts of the telephone calls monitored by the Army. Evidently, by this device McCarthy was attempting to determine what use had been made of these damaging records, and if possible to prevent their publication. He failed, and at once attempted to read into the record a telegram he had sent that morning to Secretary Stevens. Again his demand was turned down.

Then as the day's events unfolded, the reason for the Senator's second request became plain, and the tension of the hearings heightened until May 5 became, of all the days that had passed, the most extraordinary in its dramatic force.

* * *

Until that day by the force of his personality the defendant had made himself prosecutor, judge and jury. He had succeeded because he understood that the investigation was not a court proceeding where order reigned and rules of evidence prevailed, but a vast, disorderly drama whose plot would be shaped and whose end would be written by the actors who possessed enough power to take command of the stage.

To the extent that the Subcommittee was a court, McCarthy as a lawyer was poor. Of all the arts of advocacy the highest is cross-examination. Its purpose is to elicit information, and in this McCarthy was wholly inept. His questions, save when Roy Cohn was using him as a transmitter, were a jumbled outpouring of verbiage. When he finished breathless, not only Stevens but Mundt and frequently McCarthy himself could not remember what the question was that lay concealed in the snarl of his oratory.

On one occasion, for example, McCarthy was endeavoring by means of a rhetorical question to make a perfectly proper and convincing point. The measure of his success is indicated by the transcription which follows:

MCCARTHY: Let me ask you this: My Chief of Staff [Francis P. Carr], as you know, was the head of the FBI Subversive Squad until the night before he came with my committee, and he quit that job one night and came with the committee the next morning, and for years he was head of that squad.

He produced the evidence, 200 odd men, FBI men, working under him, produced the evidence which resulted in the conviction of the top-string Communists, second-string Communists; worked on the Rosenberg cases, and on other Communist cases of over the last couple of years.

And you say you don't want anyone associating with Communists or something to that effect to lose their job because of that association. You indicate that you feel Mr. Carr should lose his job—where is the Army specification—Mr.

This is the second of a series of articles on the McCarthy-Army hearings written by the editor.

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Carr should lose his job because apparently of his association with Senator McCarthy and Mr. Cohn, or rather because he sat silent and did not correct the chairman when the chairman allegedly asked you for improper consideration for some private.

I just wonder if you don't think that Mr. Carr, with his outstanding background—don't you think he should not lose his job because of guilt by silence, if you feel that people handling the topmost radar secrets should not lose their jobs because they associate with Communists, or is that question too involved?

[Mr. Stevens remarked that the question was "pretty involved." It was read back to him and he found it "too much of a question for me." Whereupon Senator McCarthy turned to other matters, observing that he would return to that one.]

But if Senator McCarthy tripped on these occasions he did not fall. For, a master of trial by television, McCarthy was not seeking answers to his questions. They were instead advanced to convey a deadly insinuation to untrained minds transfixed before 10 million television sets. Typical, if unimportant, was a "question" to Secretary Stevens:

> McCarthy: "May I say, Mr. Stevens, I think that much of what has gone on here has not been your fault. I would like to know who has been shoving you into this deal . . . ?"

On the face of it, McCarthy's case was absurd. It was that in the highest reaches of the Pentagon, Communist sympathizers were protecting Soviet spies, and that to prevent exposure of these traitors the New Jersey manufacturer had attempted to blackmail, coerce and smear McCarthy and his staff. From such fantasies comic strips are fashioned, and it was to the readers of comic strips that McCarthy was talking. His voice, tense and vibrant, had the underplayed, charged-with-emotion authority of Sky King, Captain Midnight and all the heroes of the bedtime hour who war ceaselessly on the forces of evil while citizens sleep protected. Every issue McCarthy took up flamed with melodrama at his touch. If Stevens stumbled he was lying, if Welch bent over he was eavesdropping, if the Army, obedient to orders, had removed security information from files given to McCarthy, then in McCarthy's translation this routine procedure became a nefarious act. "We caught them stripping the files," McCarthy said, looking at the television camera whose long nose pointed at him, and a moment later he cried to John Adams, *"We caught you redhanded!"*

JENKINS

In all this, McCarthy and Cohn worked together as cleverly as a team of all-in wrestlers; the big one gouging and heaving until the opponent was staggering, then climbing back through the ropes as his little partner hopped into the ring to pin the helpless man with a series of nimble twists. Master though he was, without Cohn McCarthy was only half a man. Or rather he was Caliban and Cohn, Stephanio. McCarthy used only a few words charged with explosive force: THIEF! LIAR! TRAITOR! SPY! he cried, over and over. Cohn in contrast seemed mild and considerate. "Now, sir, my next question is this . . ." he would begin, and he was quick to blame himself if the question was not understood. Cohn told the television listeners that he was reasonable while McCarthy clawed at raw emotion. Cohn separated the audience into individuals and appealed to each with the semblance of plausibility. McCarthy pressed them into a mass again and struck for the barbarious instincts of the crowd.

Against these two masterful actors the rest who filled the stage were like extras in a chorus. The chairman was good-natured and ineffective. The Republicans asked tentative questions and winced under McCarthy's lash. The counsel, up from Tennessee, showed early that he did not know and could not find the deer runs and salt licks of Washington, where the denizens of the forest might be found.

Nor was the Pentagon much better. The reason why the audience found the drama frustrating soon became plain. In all the great dramas there must be a

WELCH

protagonist, someone with whom the audience can identify itself. In this drama the antagonist was always present, oppressive and threatening; the audience searched desperately for some counterforce, a hero on whom it could focus its faith and hopes. There was none. Instead the Secretary of the Army of the United States exposed the willingness of younger children to be trod upon. He lacked not only the willingness to assert himself but a sense of the dramatic as well. Come on! Hit me! McCarthy taunted Stevens, and Stevens gazed plaintively in McCarthy's leering face. Thus McCarthy invited him to describe how he and the Pentagon had been manhandled. Stevens declined. "Just try to tell us what you objected to," McCarthy insisted. Surely at that moment the whole story could have been told to the nation in unforgettable terms. Instead, this exchange took place:

> Stevens: I objected to the hammering over the head of the Army, and the unfair publicity.
>
> McCarthy: You talk about "hammering over the head." It sounds rather rough.
>
> Stevens: I think that.
>
> McCarthy: Who up to that point had been hammered over the head?
>
> Stevens: I think the *New York Times* editorial this morning gives a pretty good picture of what I am trying to talk about here.

To one in a hundred thousand listen-

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ers that image conveyed some meaning. To the rest, it was lost. So this opportunity passed. Contemptuously McCarthy closed out the exchange: You mean a few Communists in the Army were hammered over the head, don't you, Bob!

At these moments it was the job of counsel to place his client in a favorable position. That Mr. Welch failed to do. Evidently he concluded that his client's honesty would satisfy the nation, and that his disabilities were his best defense.

So Mr. Welch sat and listened, his elbow on the table and his chin in the palm of his hand, as distant and bemused as a Professor Emeritus listening to the prattling of his freshman class. The veteran of the court room, the perfect Ephraim Tutt, Mr. Welch seemed ill-equipped to conduct this televised spectacle with its lawlessness and vulgarity, its mass techniques and mob appeal. None of the brand names of bigotry traveled from his lips across the nation. His archaic phrases were so out of place it seemed unjust that they should slide onto the teletyper's tape. They deserved to be picked up with silver tongs and laid on lace.

And yet at moments a rapier flashed in the courtier's hand and McCarthy, looking down, found himself dismembered. In these moments Mr. Welch demonstrated that he understood, if he did not admire, the popular images.

The first moment, of course, was the exchange over the cropped photograph. Mr. Welch was asking McCarthy's assistant, James Juliana, where the cropped photograph of Stevens and Schine came from. "Did you think it came from a pixie?" he asked, and then McCarthy broke in:

> McCARTHY: Will the counsel for my benefit define—I think he might be an expert on that—what a pixie is?
>
> WELCH: Yes, I should say, Mr. Senator, that a pixie is a close relative of a fairy.

As law the comment was improper; as humor it was unjust; as drama it was beyond anything that the theatre could conceive or reproduce.

McCarthy and Cohn were hurt by Welch's wicked thrust and from then on they reserved for him a special venom. For the moment, however, McCarthy responded like any hurt fighter by flailing out with both arms. Thus he attempted to regain the initiative that he had lost. Yet he was at a disadvantage. In previous hearings, in his ascendant hour, it was McCarthy who held the evidence, who alerted the press, who softened up the witness and then exploded the charge, deftly timed for the afternoon news break. Now it was Jenkins who held the Army records and who dictated the pace of the hearings. Over and over McCarthy and Cohn struggled through a morning to command the sensation of the day, only to have Jenkins cap their efforts with a fresh charge, a surprise witness, a new letter from the Attorney General or the FBI. At that moment an exasperated McCarthy realized that he might as well have spent the morning in bed.

So it happened that in desperation McCarthy gambled a second time, seeking to regain the initiative by releasing a secret document that was both peripheral to the inquiry and dangerous to himself.

Late in the afternoon of May 4 McCarthy thrust a carbon memorandum marked *copy* toward Secretary Stevens. It was, he said, "part of a series of letters from the FBI, warning of the tremendous danger of Aaron Coleman and his associates." . . . And he added, "those repeated warnings were disregarded, ignored, until this Committee opened its investigation."

Mr. Welch was skeptical.

> WELCH: I would like to have Mr. J. Edgar Hoover state that he wrote the letter and mailed it. Then we'd know what we were dealing with.

Always attack! The Senator broke in:

> McCARTHY: Mr. Chairman, if Mr. Welch is going to say there's not a copy of this in the Army files, he should be sworn in because that statement is untrue as far as I know.

Curiously, Mr. Welch had not mentioned the Army files. McCarthy hastened on to deride Secretary Stevens for refusing to read the document which bore the highest security classification of the FBI, and to ridicule him because he was unaware of its existence in the Pentagon. So the day ended, with Secretary Stevens promising to track down the original of the letter and Robert Collier, an assistant to Jenkins and former FBI man, heading down Pennsylvania Avenue for Mount Parnassus to determine whether the document was real.

So May 5 began with Secretary Stevens swearing that he had failed to find the original, and Robert Collier reporting on his journey to Delphi. Mr. Hoover, he quietly affirmed, had stated that he had neither written nor seen the letter held by McCarthy and signed with Hoover's name.

At that McCarthy broke in on a "point of order." All this he claimed was known to him. (He had been tipped off, he later conceded, at eleven thirty the night before.) His telegram to Secretary Stevens had been to demand the "additional pages" that made up the true document. Over and over he repeated to the television audience that the letter was a "verbatim copy," and "abbreviated form," "an accurate summary" of the real report.

The tension fell, and Senator Mundt prepared to call back Secretary Stevens. Then Ray Jenkins leaned forward to announce that he would first call a surprise witness. The remark hung over the hearings until, as Collier stepped down, Jenkins called the next witness—Senator McCarthy.

Was he surprised? McCarthy at that moment was studying a memorandum. With feigned indifference? No muscle moved in his face. Slowly he stirred himself to the soft-spoken demand that Senator McClellan also reveal his sources. McClellan answered angrily that he held no secrets. McCarthy shrugged his shoulders, lifted his heavy frame, and picked his way through the reporters to the witness chair where he had held Secretary Stevens a prisoner over nine days.

He took the oath that some had sworn he would not take and the first question was asked. The witness mumbled; the microphone was pushed closer to his lips. Then he was talking, and it was evident that he was addressing not 10 million Americans but his little private army of informers in the federal government. Their flow of secrets fed him as veins feed blood to a growth, and without them he would shrivel. He began:

> I want to notify the people who give me information that there is no way on earth that any committee, any force, can get me to violate the confidence of these people.

(Continued on page 29)

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Reports on The Primaries

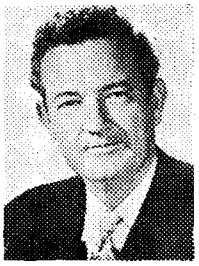
ALABAMA: Battle Lost

RACISM took a beating in Alabama on May 4 when John Sparkman won the Democratic nomination which means another six-year term in the Senate.

Sparkman's victory by more than 75,000 votes over three opponents was a triumph, also, for Southern Democrats who believe that party loyalty does not end at the Mason and Dixon line. And it was an endorsement of the liberalism for which Sparkman and his senior colleague, Lister Hill, have become well known in the Senate.

There were other factors in the Alabama primary, of course. Not the least was the nomination of "Kissing Jim" Folsom from a field of seven to be Governor once again after a four year respite from his clowning in the same high office. Folsom is a physical giant wtih a rare instinct for getting votes at the "branch-heads," but his past efforts to attract out-of-state followers have been futile.

Sparkman's strongest challenger, Rep. Laurie Battle of Birmingham, was advertised lavishly on TV and radio and in the press as a true-blue "Southern Democrat"—in contrast to the Senator who was charged with the traitorous act of running for the Vice-Presidency on the national Democratic platform.



In the final days the anti-Sparkman hucksters revived a mis-captioned photograph used without success by Dixiecrat opponents of the Stevenson-Sparkman ticket two years ago. The photo, showing Sparkman with Rep. William Dawson and other Negro Democratic leaders, was not doctored, but the accompanying text was. The picture was taken at a public meeting at which Sparkman explained why he was not changing his stand against civil rights bills, and it was so identified by the Associated Press. But its distributors offered it as documentary proof that Sparkman, when "up North," conspired in favor of FEPC.

This kind of appeal to racial prejudice obviously is getting shopworn in Alabama. It failed to prevent Sparkman's original election to the Senate. It has failed twice in attempts to unseat Senator Hill. Yet look-backward Dixiecrats may well trot it out again when Hill comes up for re-election in 1956.

The pro-Battle propagandists took one trick right out of the McCarthy book, but it fell flat. They "uncovered" a mysterious pamphlet labeled a product of "Communist Headquarters in Alabama." It denounced Battle as a terrific enemy of Communism. This cued Battle to the pious observation that it was significant that the Communists were especially anxious to beat him, although, mind you, he was not saying that Sparkman was pro-Communist.

A considerable amount of outside money went into the Battle campaign fund on the theory that Democratic chances to win control of Congress this year would be hurt if the party's 1952 candidate for Vice-President could be discredited. Since Sparkman was anything but discredited, it would appear that Democratic prestige and prospects for 1954 are improved.

OHIO: Happy Democrats

OHIO DEMOCRATS are elated over Republican Congressman George Bender's nomination to run for the US Senate in November against Democrat Thomas A. Burke of Cleveland. Bender defeated young Ohio House Speaker William Saxbe, a farm boy and a lawyer, by a substantial but not overwhelming majority. The vote was 254,086 to 188,750 (unofficial count).

More significant than anything else about the vote was its minimal size. Bender averaged about 23 votes per precinct in the state—not a good showing considering his near monopoly of GOP organizational support (Saxbe couldn't even get his name in the party's weekly newspaper) and backing from Treasury Secretary George Humphrey.

While voters in Hamilton County (Cincinnati), Sen. Robert A. Taft's home and the stronghold of Taft Republicanism in Ohio, went better than two to one for Bender, only 16,000 mustered up the energy to vote.

Bender is relying heavily on support from Taft's old following. But the idea of Bender riding the Senator's coattail was so repellent to Robert Taft Jr. that he broke with the local organization and announced for Saxbe. A lot of other Taft Republicans, those who remember the Senator as a statesman and the great leader of modern times, abhor the idea of Bender, whom they consider the "Cleveland Clown," picking up the Taft toga. Many of them are likely not to vote in November.

Bender's victory leaves the way clear for close teamwork between Lausche and Burke, teamwork that might not have been so close had Saxbe won. Lausche, who does most things on a personal basis and seldom acts like a party man, personally likes young Saxbe and would have hesitated to attack him vigorously. He has no love for Bender and will feel free to swing at will, all to Burke's advantage.

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MAINE: Can Jones Beat Smith?

by Elizabeth Donahue

THE '54 CAMPAIGN

THE PEOPLE down East in Maine make up a self-contained world. They always refer to Texans as well as to gentlemen from Wisconsin and all other outlanders as "people from 'way from here."

Hemmed in by the sea and woods that encircle two-thirds of their borders, State of Mainers survive by hanging grimly to what they have while keeping a wary eye on visiting busybodies. Maine, for instance, is the only state in the nation that has a law forbidding the export of power, and it has devised its own code for dealing with imported politicians.

Dark rumors of "outside money" and "outside backing" have wrecked the hopes of more than one ambitious young office-seeker and cut down the careers of some seemingly invincible public servants. Owen Brewster, for example, should have known that his days were numbered when he became nationally known as "Pan American Airway's Senator" and as "Franco's Senator."

These are more than old Maine customs; they are basic principles which are being tested this year in the Republican primary fight between Margaret Chase Smith, the only elected woman in the US Senate, and Sen. Joseph McCarthy's young protegé, Robert L. Jones. Maine already suspects that the Jones candidacy is a plot conceived in Wisconsin and financed with Texas gold. The suspicion itself is almost enough to ruin him, and it is unlikely that Mrs. Smith or anyone else in Maine need go to any lengths to confirm it.

Mrs. Smith has been one of McCarthy's boldest foes in the Senate. But the powerful Gannett press which is friendly to her is also pro-McCarthy, and McCarthy may have considerable following in the backwoods. The state political history is rooted in curious native contradictions. Not least among them is the fact that McCarthy seems to appeal strongly to the direct descendants of the anti-Catholic Know-Nothings and Klanners who were rabid in Maine in their time and whose heirs made up the hard core of Brewster's supporters.

IF WHAT happened to Brewster is any indication of their remaining strength, Mrs. Smith has little to fear. It was reportedly to off-set well-founded rumors of his earlier Klan connections that Brewster brought to Washington two young Catholics and put them on his staff not long before the 1952 elections. One was Robert L. Jones and the other was the nephew of the Catholic Bishop of Maine. Brewster was defeated anyway, and Jones finally wound up on the staff of Sen. Charles E. Potter of Michigan, a member of McCarthy's Senate Investigating Committee.

It was no time at all before Jones and McCarthy discovered each other. The Wisconsin Senator put out feelers in Maine last summer for someone to pit against Mrs. Smith. It was understood that money was no object. Subsequently McCarthy invited Jones to sit in on the Committee hearings in Senator Potter's absence and to question witnesses although this is contrary to Senate rules and procedures.

In the meantime the delicate problem of running Jones against Senator Smith was thrashed out thoroughly in Washington secret meetings held by a small clique including McCarthy, Russell Maguire of the *American Mercury* magazine, ex-Congressman Hamilton Fish and Robert Harriss, a New York businessman who once advised Father Coughlin. Both Fish and Harriss were prominent in the old America First Committee. The group was concerned with the over-all strategy of finding pro-McCarthy candidates for the key 1954 Congressional races. After long reflection, they decided to leave Maine alone.

But McCarthy's personal animosity toward the woman from Maine is strong. He has never forgiven her for her 1950 Declaration of Conscience and for signing the anti-McCarthy report on the Maryland elections.

In November McCarthy arrived in Maine in the role of Jones' patron and proudly recited the questions he had allowed Jones to put to witnesses in the Senate Committee hearings. Maine took the news of its new hero calmly. McCarthy's speeches were sponsored by the local Veterans of Foreign Wars. Edward Winston, State VFW Commander, was asked recently whether McCarthy was booked for more speeches. With the admirable economy of words for which Maine natives are famous, Winston replied, "Nope. We've learned a lesson." Mrs. Smith's most recent decoration is the Maine state VFW award for "Americanism."

A bright, alert woman, an attentive student who is pleasant and not gossipy, Mrs. Smith has built up more authentic political strength in Maine than any of her recent or contemporary rivals. She came to the House in 1940 to fill out the unexpired term caused by the death of her husband and rose above political widowhood to serve nine years there. She won her first Senate race in 1948 and polled about 10,000 more Maine votes than

Elizabeth Donahue is a free lance writer in Washington.

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Dewey did as head of the national ticket She has that quality indispensable to a successful politican—a keen sense of timing. She also has a rare capacity for self-restraint. She never doubted that Jones would run, although he volunteered his private assurances that he wouldn't. But she resisted the impulse to urge Senator Potter to fire him, even when the Michigan Senator broached the subject.

In mid-February, McCarthy's derision and abuse of General Zwicker became a national sensation. Jones, who had joined in the Committee needling of Zwicker without Senator Potter's knowledge, was finally fired when he put out an unauthorized press statement saying that Senator Potter concurred with McCarthy. Jones, insisting that he had quit and not been fired, promptly announced his candidacy against Senator Smith.

It undoubtedly looked to Jones as if McCarthy had struck a new lode in the Zwicker-Peress case. He had no way of knowing that in a matter of days the roof would cave in on his idol when the President and the Army finally reasserted the rights of the Executive Branch. What injuries McCarthy might sustain in the Army-Schine affair, and as a result of the President's defense of Zwicker, are minor compared to what happened to Jones. But he finally piled out of the debris and headed for Maine.

PUNCHY and shaken, he teetered into the campaign declaiming against the Peress and Schine cases as "deliberate and calculated attempts to undermine McCarthy." Jones has studied McCarthy's form closely. With some minor plastic surgery and a new hair-do he could be mistaken for his younger brother. Like McCarthy he tries to disguise his biggest whoppers in a voice of sweet reasonableness and the sing-song of an Irish lullaby. He is intermittently warning Maine people that "there will be no reckless spilling of blood" on foreign soil and confiding to his granite-faced audience "the little-known fact that thousands of our boys are behind the Iron Curtain." He characterizes Mrs. Smith as "silent, puzzled, weak-willed and uninformed" one minute and insists that she is "charming and gracious" in the next. He blasts her for criticizing the awarding of a $52 million ship contract to a Massachusetts instead of a Maine yard, and turns around and tells the voters that "Maine needs a stronger voice in the Senate." He denies he is getting support "financial or otherwise" from McCarthy and then publicly solicits money "from McCarthy people or any pro-American." He tops himself with the solemn declaration that the "people of Maine don't want people coming in from outside and dictating."

Jones undeniably has Maine roots. He is a native of Biddeford, an overwhelmingly Democratic mill town. His campaign manager, Lloyd Stover, was born in Maine but grew up to be a Deputy US Marshal in Florida, of all places, where he campaigned actively for the incumbent Florida Democrat, Sen. George Smathers. Stover, McCarthy, Jones and a former Senate policeman appointed by Smathers, make up Jones' strategy board now that the America Firsters have cooled off. A fair sample of Jones' Maine machine would include the sheriff in his home county; Adam Walsh, the temperamental Irishman who coaches the Bowdoin College football team, and Doris Lyons, Secretary of the Republican State Committee. His most important potential ally is Sumner Sewall, the well-born, liberal former Governor of Maine, who with his White Russian wife are unacceptable in the best rock-ribbed circles because they were once suspected of being pro-New Deal.

Senator Smith, who is a steady and industrious fence-mender, devotes a month every year to making more than a hundred speeches in Maine. She has the obvious advantage of being probably the best-known public official in the state. The Republican National Committee is not putting any money into the primary, and Mrs. Smith is turning back all out-of-state contributions which have so far ranged from fifty-cent pieces to single gifts of several hundred dollars. The entire Maine Congressional delegation has come out for her and she has won over new and powerful support among major business interests. Labor continues to back her.

So far Mrs. Smith turns aside all queries about Jones with the answer, "Don't trade a record for a promise." A voting analysis made by the *Congressional Quarterly* shows she rates fourth among Senate Republicans having the highest percentage of straight Republican Party line votes in the last session. She is a strong Eisenhower supporter, and generally aligned with the liberal Republican bloc in the Senate. But she occasionally casts her votes with the Democrats as she did recently to include Alaska in the Hawaiian statehood bill.

Senator Smith has beaten some formidable opponents in Maine. To most observers Jones looks like "small potatoes," and Maine is a fair judge of potatoes. The Senator's reticence about him should not, however be mistaken for complacency. She has followed her conscience on some critical national issues that have never been put to a referendum in Maine. One of them is Joe McCarthy. She knows as well as anyone that he is a political desperado and that the weeks between now and the June 21 primary may be very unpleasant.

The Maine campaign meanwhile has revealed a lot about McCarthy. He chose to make the Smith-Jones primary the first test of his strength in the 1954 campaign with little hope of winning. He seems possessed by his animosity toward Mrs. Smith. This kind of aimless head-hunting is bad politics to say the least and if McCarthy keeps it up, the November elections may do more to dispel the McCarthy myth than anything turned up by the current inquiry of the Mundt Committee.

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THE FARM BELT: Behind the Barn in Dairyland

by Richard Lewis

JUST before he was elected, President Eisenhower told the farmers at Kasson, Minnesota, "We must find methods of obtaining greater protection for our . . . producers of perishable foods. . . . We can and will find a sound way to do the job without indulging in the moral bankruptcy of the Brannan Plan."

This year the President has proposed and the Senate has approved a Brannan Plan for wool. This week the Secretary of Agriculture told the House Committee on Agriculture that the problem of what to do about butter surpluses had him stymied; then he outlined a "possible" solution—the Brannan Plan. He did not propose it directly; he recommended it in every indirect way imaginable, then asked for guidance. His strategy was transparent—he wanted a Brannan Plan for butter, but he did not want to propose it and take the rap for "moral bankruptcy." Perhaps the Committee members would be good enough to spare him by taking that onus upon themselves.

Without a substitute for the price-support program, the Administration is facing the fact that the Brannan Plan, far from being "moral bankruptcy," is the cheapest way of supporting the price of certain commodities—it eliminates the cost and the waste of storage. The alternative is to cut the support price, hoping that the threat of bankruptcy will force farmers to reduce production of surplus goods. Benson has tried that alternative by reducing support for the price of butter, cheese and powdered milk from 90 to 75 percent of parity on April 1. But the alternative ignores the economics of dairy farming. And this is an election year.

The dairy farmers of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin have been among the most articulate backers of Benson and the principle of flexible price supports. But the application of that principle to the dairy industry in April has made many of them wonder how much flexibility they can stand and make a living. Behind the barn in dairyland, there is talk of hard times ahead, and gloomy predictions of depression milk prices. In a flexible program, something has to give. And since there is little flexibility, as yet, in the cost of feed, farm equipment and hired labor, that something is the dairy farmer's income.

Lyle J. Paulsen, who operates a 426-acre farm in McHenry County, Illinois, estimated that his milk check would drop at the rate of $4 a day at the new support level.

Richard Lewis, a reporter for the Chicago Sun-Times, *recently toured the dairyland.*

"I go along with the idea of flexibility," he said. "We know that surpluses have to be reduced. But 15 percent at one time is too much. Support prices should come down gradually. Say, five percent a year. This 15 percent is likely to take the feet right out from under the dairy farmer."

Paulsen sat in his kitchen, talking above the whirl of the electric clothes dryer, while intermittent gusts of April snow blew over his moist land.

"We've been doing all right for a few years, now. Maybe that's all over."

The cut in the support price came just after the dairymen had paid the biggest tax bill they can remember. It fell just after many had gone to the bank to finance themselves for another year. It struck a falling market and moved it along downward.

In this region, a part of the Chicago milk-producing area, what the dairymen call the "top gross price" of milk a hundredweight dropped from an average of $4.51 in 1952 to $3.87 in 1953. In January, the top price the farmers were receiving for 100 pounds of milk was $3.63 and in February, $3.62.

"We haven't been down below $3 since 1945, but it looks like that's where we're headed," said Arnie Agnew, a Rock County, Wisconsin farmer. Agnew is considered a large dairy operator in this region.

AS A DIRECTOR of the American Dairy Association in Wisconsin, Agnew is regarded as a spokesman in the lower Wisconsin dairy country. By May or June, he predicted, the Rock County dairyman would be getting $2.90 a cwt. for his milk. Some of his farm colleagues agreed as the subject was discussed in the Farmer's Bank of Milton Junction.

"Our milk checks are down 15 to 20 percent from January last year," said Agnew. "Our expenses have increased. I pay a carpenter $2.65 an hour. We figure around here that there's one hour's labor to producing the milk required to make one pound of butter. How can you produce 60-cent butter when you have to pay these wage rates?"

"Your 80-acre farmer is going to be up against it," remarked Clifford Janke, cashier of the bank. In this area, the 80-acre man is the small farmer and as a dairy producer he is considered marginal.

Bank deposits in Milton Junction and adjoining Milton, are higher now than a year ago and no one is really complaining about business, Janke said, But the anticipated decline of dairy income is expected to slow buying.

The concensus of dairymen at the bank, at the local restaurant where they gather for coffee and at the feed

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terminal along the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad right-of-way was that they expected a cut of $800 to $1,000 a year in gross income.

Howard Miller, the field agent for the Pure Milk Association, the big co-operative in the area, predicted that the immediate effect of the price-support cut would be increased milk production.

"The dairy industry works in reverse," he said. "When there's a sharp drop in price, production increases. Most of our producers have to do that to meet their expenses."

THAT'S WHAT Clifford Wixom, another Rock County dairyman, said he would have to do. It's like the mill in the fable that kept on making salt because no one knew how to shut it off. When the milk is flowing at the rate of 399 million pounds a month, as it was from 24,306 farms in the area, it just can't be shut off. No one knows how.

"When you're all equipped, as you have to be in the dairy business, you just don't turn off part of your production and jump into something else," said Theodore Dickhoff, another producer.

"I wouldn't mind taking a cut," said Farmer John Campion, "if I could get a cut in the price of a tractor. Why pick on the dairy industry? There's no two ways about it. You've got to meet your expenses and you've got to produce more as long as you can."

Like his neighbors in Rock County, Campion was aware that government warehouses were loaded with 328 million pounds of surplus butter, 339 million pounds of cheese and 539 pounds of non-fat, dry milk at the end of March.

As a matter of common sense, these producers agree that the surplus is bad. But most of them look at it in relation to other commodities. One of the producers quoted from a statement by E. M. Norton, executive director of the National Milk Producers Federation, who had told a meeting of dairymen in Chicago that milk products surplus amounted to only two and one-half months supply, in contrast to a full year's supply of wheat, cotton and cottonseed products.

Butter is something the housewife understands, commented Field Agent Miller, and the dairy farmers have been made the goat for all that's to be criticized in the government support program.

Miller's Pure Milk Association and the Federation have taken the position that cuts in price support must be limited to five percent a year. The producers' groups are supporting legislation to impose this limitation on Agriculture Secretary Benson.

"This talk about five percent is economic baby talk," said Farmer Earl Hughes, a firm Benson man. Hughes lives 50 miles south of Rock County on a 1,000-acre farm in McHenry Country near Woodstock, Ill. Returning from town with a load of pipe, Hughes scraped the mud off his boots, eased the straps of his overalls and sat down in the living room to talk theoretical economics and its practical application to dairying.

Among the amateur dairy economists in the region, Hughes is one of the few professionals. With his Ph.D. in marketing from Cornell University, Hughes is one of the important Benson supporters in Illinois. He formerly was an extension economist at the University of Illinois. Now, he farms, earns a good living at it and is a director of the Illinois Agricultural Association, the Illinois affiliate of the Farm Bureau.

"There is no real sentiment in Illinois for permanent, high supports," said Hughes. "The farmer knows that these simply keep the government in the management of farm affairs, and that's just where the farmer doesn't want the government.

"There will be hardships. There has to be, for a while. The butter price is coming down and butter is going to move. It has to move. We just can't keep accumulating it."

Like the Wisconsin farmers, Hughes and his neighbors have been watching the decline of milk prices. In Hughes' area, the blend price was $3.65 a hundred pounds in January and $3.64 in February, slightly higher than the prices paid in the lower Wisconsin zone. In February, 1952, Hughes' milk check showed a price of $4.50 a cwt.

Hughes hopes that some day the whole price-support program will be a memory. From this viewpoint, Benson's cut was a brief step.

"The dairy industry was given a year to put its house in order," he said, "and failed to do it. Most of the farmers who are griping know as well as I do that the Secretary is required to set price support at the level that will fix production.

"In this situation, the farmers are ahead of the politicians. Congressmen who are for high supports may be disappointed. They're going to find that the farmers won't back them."

OVER the spread of the land, flowing with milk and butter, some farmers agree with Hughes and the Farm Bureau; but more seem to take the position of the Pure Milk Association and its 16,500 members in the Chicago milk producing area.

The Association has asked its membership to support amendments to the Agricultural Act of 1949 by Senator Thye and Representative Andresen, calling for a halt in dairy price-support cuts while more basic commodities continue to be supported at 90 percent of parity, and placing a five percent limitation on price-support reduction in any one year.

"Our local Grange took up the support price reduction," said Arthur Schutt, a dairyman of near Harvard, Illinois, "and we voted to support the Andresen amendment. We're notifying our Congressmen.

"You know, our grocery bill hasn't come down any."

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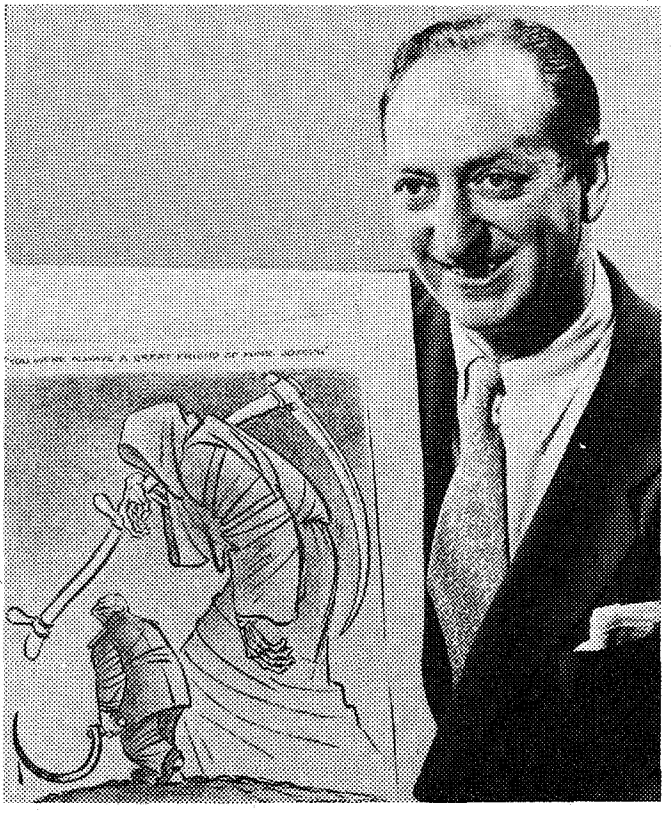
HERBLOCK



It didn't take a Pulitzer prize, which Herblock has just won for the second time, to make millions of Americans wonder how he does it—six days a week. In *The Herblock Book* the cartoonist turns writer and gives a partial explanation.

I THINK it was Fanny Brice who used to do a skit in which she asked a group of people, "Have you ever heard the story of Hiawatha?" Her listeners immediately chorused, "Yes!" Whereupon she said, "Then listen, and I will tell you. . . ."

One picture seems to be a day's work for me. And for some perverse reason, on the days when I want to get through early to catch a train I always seem to think of ideas for drawings of something that involves intricate mechanical devices—or picturing 60 people riding horses in different directions. This may be due to coincidence or to conscience, but I've missed a lot of trains that way.

What happens to those golden hours between the morning arrival, when you stride briskly to your drawing board whistling off-key, and the close of day, when the porters carry your limp form down the hall with the waste paper and help you press the elevator button?

You first read the morning mail, beginning with the card from Schmurtz, Schmurtz and Schmurtz—none of whom you know—announcing that their law firm is being joined by a Mr. Schmurtz. You continue through the letters asking why you haven't answered previous letters; and on down to the anonymous postcards saying (a) *Why don't you drop dead and give the proletariat a break, you capitalistic snake!* and (b) *So you are rapping McCarthy again; well, you will be laughing out of the other side of your face when we take over, you snake!*

You are now off to a happy start and proceed with the reading of the morning paper. As you go through this and a couple of out-of-town papers, you jot down possible cartoon subjects on a note pad which you will later try to decipher. There comes the time to go over these notes and settle back to give those subjects a good think.

It is at this point that the door opens slightly, and a visitor asks if you are busy. You say, Yes, you are, and he says, "Ha! It looks like it!" and sits down for a long chat. He is followed by three others.

A cartoonist who keeps handy some wet mortar and a supply of bricks can lay a few rows of masonry while he is being reflective, and thus give visible evidence that he is working. But the disadvantage of this device is that he may concentrate so intently that he will end up by walling himself in, and miss his deadline completely.

As the visitors leave, the phone rings and a voice asks if you ever use suggestions for cartoons. You say, No, you are sorry but you don't. And the voice says, "Okay, here it is: You draw a picture of a rat, see? And label it Stalin. A rat, see?—" When you have thanked him and hung up, you find that a small delegation of ladies has come in to ask you if you can't do something about our feathered friends who, it seems, are multiplying faster than the number of statues on which they perch.

The ladies are followed by a colleague who pulls out snapshots of himself, his wife, his mother-in-law, and his six kids and wants caricatures of them all together and he knows it won't take you long.

There is also a call from the *Buttonhole Manufacturers' Monthly Journal,* which wants to reprint a cartoon that appeared in 1946 or '47 and they don't remember the title, but will you send over a copy right away? You are very sorry, you can't right now. At this the voice becomes insistent and tells you that they *must* have it right now because they are making a *deadline.*

You are now ready to start on those sketches. That is, just as soon as you have talked with this visitor who says that his friends tell him he looks like Herbert Hoover, and would you like him to pose for you? For a slight extra fee he will also bring in a live elephant that he has tethered to the outer doorknob.

It is at this moment that there arrives as a mixed group a committee for the revival of the Whig Party, four unidentified boys who set to work making paper cutouts of your cartoons, a fellow who wants to know where is the gents' room, two window washers with pails, and the complete original cast of the *Student Prince.*

You are now ready to. . . .

(*From The Herblock Book,* Beacon Press)

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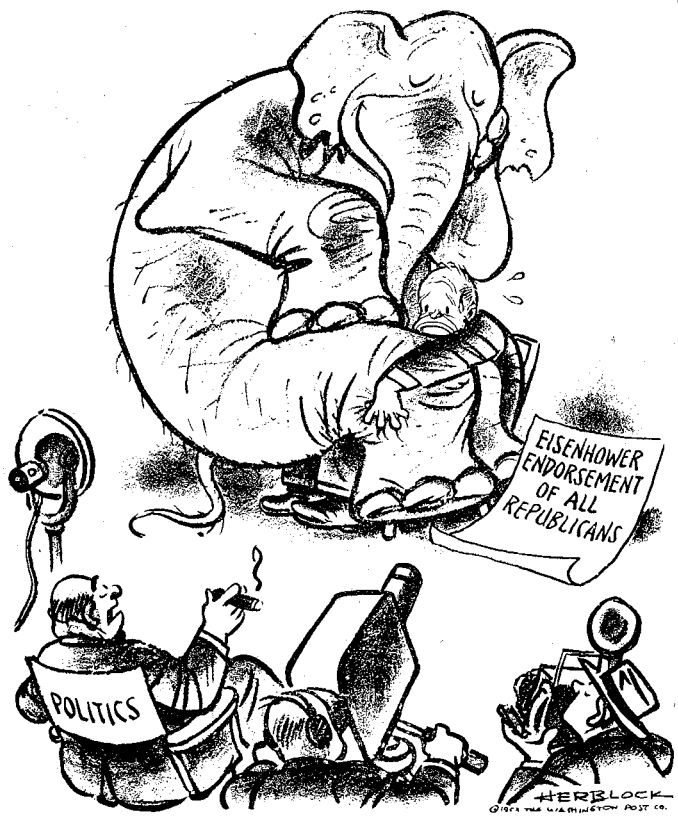
I'D HATE to believe the Pulitzer judges think the so-called prize-winning cartoon is the best that came from the pen of any American cartoonist during the fruitful year of 1953. Mr. Block drew dozens of better ones himself—in my opinion and, I'll bet, in the opinion of the greater part of his vast horde of admirers from coast to coast. And, since he is just as intelligent as the rest of us, I am sure he feels the same way, but naturally won't say so, not wishing to offend the judges who have been so nice to him.

This is a sensitive subject with me, for some of my best friends are cartoonists. Some people like dogs, some like cats. I like cartoonists. I don't like to see them abused. And they are abused when something less than their best work is presented to the world as their very best. Three Washington winners of this coveted prize have been so mistreated. There is Jim Berryman of the *Evening Star,* a grim young man with a devastating sense of humor. His genius is portraiture, the ability to preserve a perfect likeness with just enough subtle change to make it tell a story, a story the victim sometimes would prefer not to have told. Some of his victims have been so annoyed by this treatment that they have waited a full half hour before calling up to ask for the original drawing. They'd rather have it on their own wall than on somebody else's. Well, Jim got the Pulitzer prize in 1950 for what he himself calls a bit of still life, something not in the least representative of his year's work or his real talent.



Okay, now give us that old smile

Then there is the case of Harold Talburt, whose clowning pencil won him the award for 1936. He tackled a wide range of live and controversial subjects during the 12 months and he dealt with them effectively. Occasionally, for lack of any real inspiration on his part or that of anybody else around the office, he drew something symbolizing the behavior of Japan. Nobody liked Japan at that time and there were no Japanese on the Pulitzer jury, so for one of those fillers this bright luminary of the Scripps-Howard organization got the big prize.

Which brings us to the embarrassed recipient of the latest prize. Herblock draws things as he sees them and because he sees things in a way that never would occur to anybody else he is truly a great cartoonist. He makes some people laugh. He makes some people swear. He makes everybody think. During 1953 he drove home many bitter lessons that need to be learned.

So Herb gets the prize for a cartoon castigating Stalin. Nobody in this country is in favor of Stalin or any of his works. Nobody needs any help from a cartoonist to keep his hatred of Stalinism alive. But just as it contained no Japanese in 1936, the prize-award committee contained no Russians in 1954. It could be unanimous as to the subject matter, at least. That almost required the cartoon to be non-controversial if not innocuous.

But you want to know something about Herblock. He's a fairly tall, hungry-looking chap, wearing an expression of good-natured curiosity. When he's excited he's apt to say, "Gee!" When really aroused he lets go with, "Gee whiz!" He wears store clothes and sometimes they fit. His taste in ties supports the opinion Ding Darling used to express that no cartoonist is actually an artist.

I couldn't draw a bucket of water and so I have little idea of how he works, let alone what goes on in his head while he works. He must, however, work with very courageous employers—or should I say associates?—for they print his story every day and obviously it takes more courage to print a cartoon than it does to draw it.

LOWELL MELLETT

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While You Weren't Looking

Plans Have Been Prepared for the Greatest Give-Away of Them All—Our Uranium Deposits

The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has begun quietly to consider changes in the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. The existing act was carefully drafted by professionals with the help of atomic scientists and designed to protect the national interests in what has become its most vital natural resource. The changes, contained in identical bills sponsored by the Committee's Chairman, Rep. W. Sterling Cole (R, N.Y.), and vice-chairman, Sen. Bourke B. Hickenlooper (R, Iowa), are radical. They should be carefully examined and widely debated, for ultimately they affect everyone. But the Republicans desperately need some solid "achievement" to present the voters this fall. A "bold, new, dynamic atomic energy program" would fit the bill nicely. So the plan is to push the Cole Bill through Congress as quickly as possible. And despite the almost incalculable importance of legislation governing atomic energy, the Committee, after a week of executive hearings, has scheduled public hearings for May 10 to May 19 only.

Below, in an open letter to Rep. Chet Holifield, a member of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy—the eminent historian and biographer of James Madison, Irving Brant, points out the fallacies in one section of the Cole bill. Future articles and editorials will examine other changes the Republicans propose.

DEAR CONGRESSMAN HOLIFIELD:

I HAVE just read Section 67 of the proposed act to amend the Atomic Energy Act of 1946—a section which would be utterly inconceivable under any national administration that put the safety of the country above the pillage of it. For more than a year the United States has been faced with the "give-away throw-away" program of the Eisenhower Administration and the Republican Party in Congress. Today, in the critical field of uranium mining, they are adding a new twist: "Give it away and buy it back."

The McMahon Act provides that all minerals important to atomic energy, existing in our public lands, are "reserved to the use of the United States," subject of course to private claims antedating 1946. To encourage exploration, the law authorizes the government to enter into contracts for that purpose with private corporations or individuals. The amended bill not only strikes out the reservation of public ownership of uranium, etc., on public lands, but authorizes the Secretary of the Interior to remove this provision from land patents already subject to it. To contrast the two systems:

1. Under existing law, the government pays for private exploratory work in locating uranium deposits already owned by the government.

2. Under the proposed amendment, the government gives away its own uranium to the explorer who locates it in the ground, and then buys it back from him.

Sponsors of the bill, I am told, say that this course is safe from the standpoint of national defense because the government alone can buy the uranium it is going to give away, and the Atomic Energy Commission is authorized by law to purchase, take or condemn it, for a just compensation. Haven't we learned from the experience of two and one-half wars that the power to requisition goods and to fix prices is no guarantee against extortionate demands and hold-ups, even when the Administration (unlike the one we are blessed with today) is not eager to capitulate to the big corporations it is compelled to deal with?

But beyond all this, *why in heaven's name should we give away and then buy back what is already ours?* Exploration for uranium is going on everywhere. Every one-gallus, one-burro prospector in the Southwest has a Geiger counter in his pack. The big corporations are sending down their drills. The point is, they are not satisfied to be paid for mere discovery. The real argument is the familiar one: "What is good for Vanadium is good for the country." Or, as they used to put it: "When everybody's gittin', git."

OF COURSE, the proponents of the new Section 67 don't put it that way. If there is any philosophic basis for "give it away and buy it back," it is in a new enlargement of the spectre of Creeping Socialism. Government ownership of natural resources has become so wicked that when public property suddenly increases in value, it must be given away and bought back so that the unearned increment can go to private interests instead of to the nation which not only owns the goods but created their value by creating the use for them. We must go back, as they see it, to the time-honored American principles of Alexander Hamilton and George Washington.

All right, Mr. Holifield, let's go back to those two

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gentlemen, with Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson thrown in to make it bipartisan. To start with, we must recognize the fact that as the world stands today, uranium is a more precious mineral than gold. Suppose, then, we base our uranium policy on the following statement by Hamilton in his paper called *The Continentalist*:

> Mines in every country constitute a branch of revenue. In this, where nature has so richly impregnated the bowels of the earth, they may in time become a valuable one; and as they require the care and attention of government to bring them to perfection, this care and a share in the profits of it will very properly devolve upon Congress. *All the precious metals should absolutely be the property of the federal government.*

Hamilton wrote that in 1781. Three years later, on December 14, 1784, George Washington addressed these words to the President of Congress:

> Would there be any impropriety do you think, sir, in reserving for special sale, all mines, minerals and salt springs in the general grants of land belonging to the United States? The public, instead of the few knowing ones, might in this case derive the benefits which would result from the sale of them, without infringing any rule of justice that occurs to me, or their own laws, but on the contrary inflict a just punishment upon those, who in defiance of the latter, have dared to create enemies, and to disturb the public tranquillity, by roaming over the country, marking and surveying the valuable spots in it, to the great disquiet of the Western tribes of Indians, who have viewed their transactions with jealous indignation.

That isn't Creeping Socialism, Mr. Holifield. It is Galloping Bolshevism. No wonder the US Army is accused of coddling Communists, when it has such an example of un-American activities in its first Commander-in-Chief.

Now take a look at Andrew Jackson. He wrote to President Jefferson on August 18, 1802, complaining of "an attempt at a monopoly of salt in this Western country." To combat it, a company pledged to low prices had been formed, but so far it had been unable to secure a salt lick.

JACKSON had learned of a large salt deposit on the public lands, one of "immense worth" near the Wabash River. President Jefferson directed the well-known Bolshevik, Secretary of the Treasury Albert Gallatin, to write to another "Creeping Socialist," Territorial Governor William Henry Harrison, directing him to ask for competitive bids for the leasing of salt deposits on the public lands. This being before the invention of the Free Enterprise system, real competition developed. Low bid was 49 cents per unit of weight; second bid 80 cents. The disparity alarmed Jefferson, who, having just heard that a "mountain of salt" had been discovered in newly purchased Louisiana Territory, had visions of a huge expansion of "State Socialism" and didn't want it upset by the bankruptcy of an unfortunate lessee.

"It is never the interest of a landlord," the President wrote to Gallatin, "to break his tenant. In this case it would be peculiarly unfortunate, as it would furnish ground for the next undertaker to fix a higher price than is proper, and this would be permanent."

Jefferson suggested, therefore, that the lessee be allowed "what he can live on," provided the price was kept below the next higher bid. Some people may see in this a forerunner of the system now in use, by which government contracts of an emergency nature are awarded not to the lowest bidder, but to the next to the lowest.

IF THE REPUBLICANS in Congress will base their policy on Washington and Hamilton, and the Democrats on Jefferson and Jackson, there will be a unanimous vote in both houses to retain the existing provisions of the Atomic Energy Act. However, it may be pointed out that I have failed to cite any early precedent for mere "payment for exploration" without giving away the public property that is discovered. That deficit is easily supplied. On December 24, 1808, Congressman Matthew Lyon of Kentucky wrote to President Jefferson about vast deposits of copper ore on the south side of Lake Superior, reported to him by "an intelligent Indian."

Lyon proposed that the President ask Congress to appropriate a few thousand dollars for the employment of explorers, and that if minerals were found, a mining corporation be set up with either partial or total government ownership of the shares. Here was the exact system of exploration, voluntary or by contract, which is now authorized in the McMahon Act, combined with a development system not unlike the one which the Eisenhower Administration wants to do away with by turning the atomic plants themselves over to private ownership.

Contrast Lyon's proposal with the system of exploration called for in the revised Section 67 of the McMahon Act—a system precisely resembling the one denounced by George Washington, in which prospectors roamed the public domain for private instead of public benefit. Indeed, the system now proposed in Congress is worse. The men denounced by Washington as deserving "a just punishment" at least paid their own expenses.

All of the illustrations I have cited from our early history involved minerals useful to the country, but not, like uranium, critically related to our national survival. Can you imagine Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson and Jackson, today, advising Congress to give away the country's uranium and then buy it back, because of an allegation that people will not explore for the raw materials of atomic energy unless they are given everything they find? No, you can't, but you can easily guess what they would say to anybody who made such a threat. There were people who acted like that in the American Revolution. They were the ones who traded with the enemy.

IRVING BRANT

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Anti-Communist . . . But!

II. US security requires a more positive foreign economic development program

by Samuel P. Hayes Jr.

NO SANE observer could accuse Republican leadership of not wanting to check the spread of Communist influence in the world. Yet *in practice* (which to most people is more relevant than anti-Communism *in principle*), President Eisenhower's proposals for strengthening the free world, and particularly its underdeveloped areas, are less than bold.

The President has proposed that Congress appropriate $3.5 billion for the fiscal year 1955 for foreign military, economic and technical aid. Of this requested total, only 11 percent would be used for non-military foreign economic development and technical assistance. The appropriation, when finally approved, will no doubt be considerably less than the amount asked for.

To understand *why* the Eisenhower foreign economic program is deficient, we must re-examine basic questions: *Why* the US should concern herself with underdeveloped nations, what lessons we should have learned from past experiences in foreign aid, and what policies *could* now bolster living standards in economically depressed regions and popular confidence by the people in democratic solutions to their problems.

The *economic* interest of the United States in underdeveloped countries concerns availability of food and raw materials, wider and more prosperous markets, and profitable outlets for investment capital, all of these both for itself and for its industrialized allies.

US *political* interest in these countries lies not only in their potential contribution to the maintenance of world peace but in their participation, through the United Nations and otherwise, in orderly procedures of solving a wide range of international problems. It lies also in the contagiousness of political ideas, for a successful political system has powerful appeal.

US *military* interest in underdeveloped areas is to prevent war, or to win a war should another break out. We want allies and strategically located bases. We want our allies to be strong, our bases easily defensible. Moreover, we want to deny new allies to any potential aggressor, and to weaken the existing allies of any such aggressor.

And finally, the US has a *humanitarian* interest; for most Americans feel a moral obligation to help reduce the extreme disparities between their own living standards and the conditions of life in less fortunate areas. It is to their credit that Dulles and Stassen have been willing to recognize this humanitarian responsibility in foreign affairs.

Discontent, unrest and change are rife in the undeveloped countries of the world. They are partly a protest against racial inferiority, a rejection of economic "exploitation." They reflect an impatience with low levels of living, and the impact of better communications. Discontent breaks through to the surface more easily because of the disintegration of many of the old bonds of feudal relationships, family ties and religious traditions. In some areas, it has infected only the city-dwellers, and primarily the Westernized intellectuals. In others, it pervades a large part of the population.

QUITE APART from any humanitarian or economic interest in what is happening in these areas, the political and military interests of the United States require that we understand this unrest and do something about it. If we don't, the Communists *will*. In fact, while we don't, the Communists *are*.

The Communists won in China largely because they won the loyalty of enough Chinese to assure military success. Today, they have a major territorial base in Indo-China, minor ones in Malaya, Burma and the Philippines. A "United Front" containing Communists has just won a smashing election victory in East Pakistan; another United Front controls the government of Guatemala, and the present Indonesian cabinet won parliamentary support only with Communist votes. Elsewhere, as in Southern India, in Iran, and in British colonies in Middle America, Communist efforts have had considerable success.

But what more can we do? Can foreign economic pro-

Samuel P. Hayes Jr. served as Assistant Director for the Far East in the Mutual Security Agency.

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grams effectively check the spread of Communism? I believe the economic weapon can be decisive only as an agreed means to common ends. We ought not to use foreign aid to buy allies or favorable policies from other nations. Nor should we tie other economies more closely to ours and use economic dependence on us to influence other nations' policies.

JONATHAN BINGHAM, in his recent book (*Shirt Sleeve Diplomacy, Point 4 in Action*), gives us some practical principles on which to base our aid policies:

First, economic development cannot be imposed from outside; the local *will* to develop is indispensable. In many situations, there is no lack of technological knowledge or skill; what is lacking is the incentive to put this knowledge and skill to work, particularly if there are cultural or psychological barriers to the changes involved. Moreover, because of the very magnitudes of the job, local sources must provide by far the largest part of the necessary financing and personnel. Unless outside technical and economic aid acts as a release mechanism, setting off far greater and more sustained activity than the aid itself could produce, the aid program will fail.

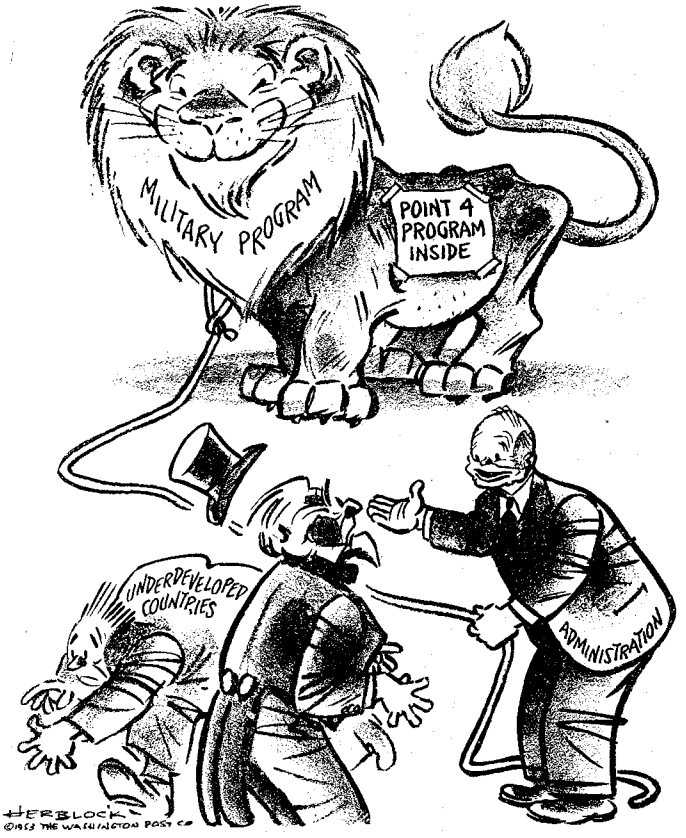
Second, the development job that needs to be done cannot and will not be done by private capital, except for a very limited range of enterprises. Most private capital stays at home; for the most part it will continue to stay out of underdeveloped regions because of exchange controls and inconvertibility of currencies; because of distrust and fear on the part of both the potential investors and the nations where the investment might take place; because of the drying up of the international security market for utility securities, since utilities abroad generally cannot now make a fair return on their investment; because of the smallness of markets in underdeveloped countries; because of the unsuitability of foreign investment in highways, farm improvements, health, education, etc.; and because of the relative attractiveness of investments in industrialized countries.

In brief, there is just no realistic possibility, whatever the Republicans hope, that private capital will come to the rescue of the new Administration and take over the job of helping balanced economic development take place in the underdeveloped countries.

Third, technicians with no money to spend have relatively little influence. If they can order equipment for demonstrations, help plan pilot projects that are assured of financing, and otherwise add "show-how" to "know-how," they can have great influence. It is for this reason that TCA gave up the idea of really "pure" technical assistance, comparable to that furnished by the United Nations. Bingham would go even further in this direction, to a program of perhaps $500 million a year, instead of the current $100 to $150 million a year. He would *not* go, and for good and sufficient reasons, to a program of several billions a year—not for a long time, anyway. It is very difficult to spend large sums wisely, and the underdeveloped countries do not have the plans, the management or the skilled work forces to carry out the projects implied by such a figure, nor could some of these countries withstand the inflationary impact of such a level of investment activity.

Fourth, one of the great problems was, and is, to find mature, highly competent, well-adjusted, and culturally adaptable personnel for the Point Four program. Simply being an American expert is not enough. And certainly it is not enough just to be an American high school or college graduate. The underdeveloped countries don't want their jobs done *for* them, down to the level where young Americans would fit in. They want help in doing their own jobs better, and they know an expert from a tyro. The problem that plagued TCA, ECA, MSA and the UN agencies was to get enough of the right people (only a few thousand at the outside), and to keep them on the job, even at the attractive salaries with full travel expenses for their families. The trouble was, good men already had jobs, were in mid-career, and had little incentive to miss a possible promotion by going abroad for a couple of years or longer; and neither TCA, ECA nor the UN offered anything in the way of a career service.

These are operating lessons learned by men on the Point Four job. There are also political lessons. One is that Point Four is part of "a contest for the hearts and minds of most of the people of the world," with obvious



The lamb is still there. It's just been integrated.

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implications for the military security of the United States.

Another political lesson is that such a program cannot and must not be used as a political lever. It is one thing to use it to help achieve the political objectives of international security and prosperity, which are common aims of the various nations involved. It is quite another to try to obtain improved treatment of American traders or investors, or an unsound priority for the development of strategic materials for US purchase, or a favorable vote in the United Nations, or a commitment to "contribute to the defensive strength of the free world," or even expression of gratitude, in return for what is being done essentially in the joint interest of both nations. *Partnership cannot be brought into being by a "stick or a carrot."* Even if it could, the plain truth of the matter is that the Point Four programs carried on today are nowhere near large enough to be effective either as sticks or as carrots.

Should Point Four be used to help bring about social or political reform abroad?

THIS is an issue of very great importance, and one to which Eugene Staley in a new book (*The Future of Underdeveloped Countries*) devotes major attention. It has two aspects. *First, it will be necessary for many countries to make drastic changes in their economic, political and social institutions if economic development is to "take" and become self-sustaining.* The US has a clear interest in seeing that these changes come into being, and that US technical and economic aid is not used to prime a pump that never runs.

Second, economic development should be accompanied by an extension and growth of social techniques and institutions which, while adapted to varying national heritages, give "high place to the worth of each individual and therefore . . . to the democratic ideals of personal freedom, equal opportunity and freedom by consent." Japan and Germany developed very fast, but did not turn out to be better partners in the world of the first half of the twentieth century.

Should the US use its aid programs to influence either of these kinds of changes? Staley's reply is "Yes, wherever this is politically feasible, and there are many situations where it is." The US can help broaden the bases of political power, by co-operating in programs that improve the economic condition of the common man, and that help "to diffuse skills, opportunities wealth, initiative, self-confidence—and therefore political power—more widely." It can work to improve public administration, and business management as well. It does not need to impose US ideas about the proper line between government and private enterprise, but it can help "build up private initiative and enterprise and encourage it to take hold and perform the many tasks for which it is well adapted." It can foster the development of free trade unions and help train labor leadership, in those countries where this is politically acceptable. It can participate in setting up local institutes which will apply modern research methods and findings to the technical and human relations problems of industry and government. It can point out, quite objectively, the inconsistencies between some objectives (such as greater capital formation) and other objectives (such as detailed governmental control). Most importantly, it can throw its weight on the side of agrarian reform, measures to increase the supply of domestic and foreign capital, well-conceived industrialization, and even family planning, so long as direct American suggestions on matters of internal reform are limited "to proposals for which there is already substantial support by competent and responsible persons in the country itself," and so long as American initiative is played down even then.

Let us push this argument one step further. Should the United States take affirmative steps to *offer* its technical and economic aid to countries where it would like to see development and strengthening go forward? Or should it simply sit back and wait for countries to come forward and request aid, as part of a program that all now know about?

There is a good deal of feeling on the Hill and elsewhere in the US Government that the US should lean over backwards not to urge its aid on anyone. More than that, there exists a strong feeling that we are doing this *for* others, and that they should therefore do something for *us*—the minimum being some expression of appreciation and gratitude, together with compliance with conditions established by the US Congress.

This attitude really negates all that has been said above about the US interest in development abroad. If it is really in our interest that *our* aid be used to spark development, should we wait it out while barriers of ignorance, pride or suspicion of unexplained motives prevent discussion of feasible aid activities? Why should we play "hard to get" when we *want* to participate in mutually advantageous activities? Most important, *if this is a contest we want to win, we can't leave our opponent alone on the field while we wait to be asked to play!*

IF THE US has such a compelling interest, surely the Administration should design its foreign economic programs to serve that interest effectively. It has not done so. As my preceding article pointed out, the foreign economic measures proposed by President Eisenhower are far from adequate. When the Congress is through with them, they will be even less adequate. Vice President Nixon has recently had to make an unprecedented personal appeal to a Congressional Committee to prevent a halving of the relatively inexpensive, highly fruitful, and generally popular exchange of persons program. The Administration's failure in leadership may result in lower expenditures for economic aid next year. Over the long run, it may well result in much greater military expenditures, in a smaller part of the world.

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London Dispatch THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CRISIS

All signs point to the breaking of the worst storm in Anglo-American relations since the MacArthur crisis, if not since the war. Last week the *London News Chronicle* published a Gallup Poll showing that 40 percent of the British people disapprove of the American role in world affairs, while only 37 percent approve. This represents a shift in British opinion—and not in the American interest. Meanwhile prominent Americans declare that Churchill is preparing an Asian Munich.

The disagreement over Indo-China culminates a series of incidents which had already dangerously swollen the latent anti-Americanism which for many Britons is too often just jingoism with an inferiority complex. McCarthyism, always the best friend of the anti-Americans, received more publicity in Britain than ever before from the persecution of Oppenheimer and the wrangle with the Army; and millions of Englishmen saw McCarthy with their own eyes when the BBC televised Ed Murrow's attack on him and his reply. The Pacific explosions of the hydrogen bomb released a wave of emotion bordering on hysteria, and provoked Churchill's charge that Britain had somehow been robbed of the rights he had won her in Quebec. The slogan "No annihilation without representation" took on a sharper edge.

And on top of all this Britain and America had to face the Communists at Geneva in negotiation of the one great complex of problems on which they have never seen eye to eye—the Far East. Britain and America inevitably look on the Far East from different viewpoints. For Britain it lies on the outer edge of the world, across Europe, the Middle East and Southern Asia; lacking decisive power in the area herself, she must concentrate on finding solutions which are satisfactory to the new Asian members of the Commonwealth. America, facing the Far East from her back door, and with memories of Pearl Harbor, sees the area as directly vital to her national survival.

Diplomacy exists precisely to find ways of reconciling such legitimate differences in viewpoint. Unfortunately the fall of Dien Bien Phu seems to leave America with no time for genuine diplomacy; and Britain feels she has been cast as scapegoat for the contradictions in Republican foreign policy.

To Britain, the New Look in American defense policy lost all meaning last August when Russia exploded her first hydrogen bomb. The threat of instant and massive retaliation did not in fact deter China from increasing her aid to Viet-Minh. And when last week Malenkov's counter-threat of Russian capacity for long-distance atomic retaliation was followed by Cole's admission that America's present air defenses could not prevent the destruction of New York City, the idea of defense without troops and foreign policy without foreign commitments died an inglorious death.

Then, after months of whistling in the dark about France's military prospects in Indo-China, American leaders suddenly announced that only immediate American intervention could avert a collapse handing all Southeast Asia to the Communists. Congress was faced with the stark alternative between a new China and a new Korea, and showed equal unwillingness to consider either. So Dulles' sudden call for united action looked in London like a desperate attempt to shift on to other shoulders the burdens of his own impotence. Indeed in his attempt to pass the baby abroad, as in the paralysis of her diplomacy by domestic politics, the USA is disturbingly vulnerable to the criticism she herself so often makes of France.

There is no desire in London to minimize the loss which the whole free world will suffer by any compromise peace in Indo-China; nor does Britain fail to recognize that Malaya will be the first to feel the shock. But no real alternative has been proposed. And a settlement in Indo-China will have advantages too—a fillip to the prospects of EDC in France, and a chance to implicate the non-Communist countries of Southern Asia in the containment of further Communist advance. On the other hand, panic intervention now in Indo-China can no longer affect the fate of Dien Bien Phu, would alienate uncommitted Asia, would mean at best a new Korea, at worst a Third World War.

So while there is any chance of negotiating a settlement at Geneva Britain is most unlikely to change her present stand. This may impose severe strains on the American alliance which is the sheet anchor of her foreign policy. But she has the satisfaction of knowing that many Americans of both parties share her views, and that the basic common interests of the allies will reassert themselves in the end. They have in the past; they must in the present.

Meanwhile—in both countries the demagogues will have a field day. But it is significant that the Gallup Poll which reported the recent increase in distrust of America also recorded a sharp fall in the popularity of the principal British critic of America—Aneurin Bevan.

London DENIS HEALEY

Denis Healey is a member of Parliament and was formerly head of the International Section of the Labour Party.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Curmudgeon's Public "Diary"

In* The Inside Struggle, *which is being published this month by* Simon and Schuster *as the second volume of* The Secret Dairy of Harold L. Ickes, *the gritty quality of the Old Curmudgeon appears once more in all its abrasiveness. From April, 1949 until his death in January, 1952, Ickes contributed a column to the* New Republic. *We reprint here some of the characteristic explosions which he set off each week in these pages.

THERE HAS BEEN one notable contrast between the Al Capone of Chicago and the political Al Capone of Washington. The man who disgraced Chicago for so many years disposed of his enemies by having them kidnapped or killed in cold blood. Capone, however, while killing ruthlessly, ran the risk of being killed. Senator McCarthy and his fellow gangsters of the political underworld of Washington are content to assassinate character which, in the estimation of persons more civilized and cultivated than the gross Senator from Wisconsin is worse than physical torture or sudden death. In contrast with the real Capone, McCarthy as a character assassin operates in a way calculated to protect him from retaliation. He misrepresents and lies and smears from behind the protection of his Congressional immunity.

. . . He takes care not to expose himself to a lawsuit for libel. He may promise to do so. But these are just more of his lies—all the blacker because he deceitfully tells them to present the appearance of a courage that he totally lacks.

January 1, 1951

★

GENERAL MACARTHUR, the world's champion talker, has talked himself out of his job. He was not content to be the supreme commander of both the United Nations and the United States forces in the Far East. He wanted to exercise the powers of the President himself.

Fortunately for the United States and Western civilization, President Truman has brought to an abrupt end the careening career of this man who, totally wanting in self-discipline, was, with sputtering torch in hand while drunk with bootlegged power, weaving in and out among open powder kegs which could have been ignited by a single vagrant spark into an explosion that could have shaken the world. What greater encouragement could Russia have had than a continuing commitment of our men and resources to an attempt to pick our uncertain way among the limitless hordes of China? *April 4, 1951*

★

WHAT has become of the great "crime-buster" of yesteryear. Thomas E. Dewey, now Governor of New York, whose mouth is again watering for the Republican nomination for President? Declining to appear before the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee in New York and do what he could to unravel the connection between politics and the underworld, particularly as regards gambling, Governor Dewey merely stroked his minuscule mustache and invited the Committee to Albany as overnight guests in the Governor's mansion.

April 9, 1951

★

YEARS AGO Horace Greeley, the noted New York editor, gave a bit of advice. It was, "Go West, young man." Whether on his advice or not, young men have continued to go by the thousands. They have farmed millions of acres of land. They have constructed great dams and turbines that produce quantities of cheap power and provide water for rich but thirsty soil. They have built factories and cities in which their industrial skills have enriched the economy of the West. They hewed their way through valuable timberlands. They discovered and developed minerals, particularly petroleum. They did not even refrain from trespassing upon, and taking unto themselves, immense areas of land for their flocks and herds, and other property which had belonged to the American Indians from time immemorial.

With the West approaching the saturation point in population, it might be well for young and ambitious Indians, especially those who are so unfortunate as to live in Sen. Patrick McCarran's State of Nevada, to go East. These Indians are finding it difficult to exist because of the ruthless inhumanity of McCarran, to whom the Bureau of Indian Affairs seems to have surrendered unconditionally. I do not advise Indians to move to the crowded areas of the East or even to try to establish themselves on the rich farm lands of the Middle West. If I were a Nevada Indian, especially if I were a member of the Paiute Tribe, I would put the Atlantic Ocean between myself and "Simon Legree" McCarran. I would go to Spain. I would become a Falangist and do as humble obeisances before Dictator Franco as the creaky joints of Pat McCarran have ever permitted him to do. *August 3, 1951*

★

IT IS SAID that the political charlatan from Wisconsin was once a judge. (Ye gods and little fishes!) If so, the presumption is that somewhere, sometime, he studied law. Yet, if he ever took even a rudimentary course in law he must know . . . that there is no court in the land that would not promptly throw out any case that he might try to present against Messrs. Acheson and Jessup. This cheap clap-trap makes less sense than usual, even for McCarthy. He might just as well have demanded a trial by ordeal.

However, sooner or later, the people will catch up with this notorious Jack Ketch of character and well-earned reputation in high public office. His is not a trade in which an honorable man would choose to engage. No one in American history has tried so hard to betray the people by deliberately lying to them, but what Lincoln said is still true, that "you cannot fool all the people all of the time." *August 17, 1951*

★

A NEW virus disease that has not yet yielded to the newest of the wonder

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drugs seems to have brought low many of the members of Congress. It is known as "inland waterways on the brain." While it is said to be incurable, its ravages may be mitigated by relieving the United States, and therefore Congress, of any cause for worry about another piddling Tea-Pot Dome scandal. Turn over the offshore oil lands, as a free-will gift, to the oil plutocrats and Congress need not worry about some future cabinet member going to jail to atone for a lie to cover up an attempted theft of a modicum of federally owned oil. "Him as has gits" is a homely and meaningful saying. And who "has" more, and therefore is entitled to "git" more than the Standard Oil Company of California or the Humble Oil Company of Texas (a Standard of New Jersey affiliate), as well as others of the same ilk? What the oil tycoons hold by free gift, they do not have to steal. And to remove the temptation to steal may help to improve the deplorably low moral tone of the nation. *September 10, 1951*

★

IF I HAD to choose between the repellent McCarthy and the snide "McStassen," I would instantly choose the former. Politically speaking, McCarthy is a natural as a guttersnipe, while "McStassen," with a better background, has debased himself. Those who are responsible for making him president of the University of Pennsylvania should speedily unmake him. Meanwhile, self-respecting members of the faculty of that unhappy institution will doubtless attend future faculty meetings with clothes-pins on their noses.

October 29, 1951

★

THANKS to the hog-calling invectives and insults hurled at each other by Russian and American "statesmen," diplomacy, in its time-honored meaning, no longer has a place in the English language. Who knows but that the lexicographers of the future, thanks to the collaboration of Acheson and Vishinsky, will not decide upon the word "achinsky" as a more modern and meaningful expression than "diplomacy"? This new word would be defined as "discordance in managing negotiations between nations; hence, shouting down opposition in any negotiations; lack of artfulness in diplomacy."

December 3, 1951

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Cameos from the North Country

by Irving Howe

STANDARD OPINION has not done justice to Miss Jewett — not since James Russell Lowell wrote that she had composed "idylls in prose, and the life they commemorate is as simple as its main elements, if not so picturesque in its setting, as that which has survived for us in Theocritus." Parrington called her a Brahmin, which is surely an absurd tag for the daughter of a Maine country doctor; he probably meant to say that her work didn't satisfy his appetite for social realism. Van Wyck Brooks, while purring over forgotten ladies who dabbled in polite literature, said almost nothing about Miss Jewett, though she wrote, as it happens, one of the few first-rate works of prose we can claim for nineteenth century America. F. O. Matthiessen, in his little book on Miss Jewett, drew a warm and charming vignette, but barely touched on criticism. By contrast, Carlos Baker in the more recent *Literary History of the United States* has the good sense to praise her as an artist—but then proceeds to cancel out his praise by exiling her to that literary wilderness known as "regional fiction."

The Country of the Pointed Firs and Other Stories, by Sarah Orne Jewett Anchor; $.85).

Sarah Orne Jewett was a writer of deep pure feeling and a limited capacity for emotional expression there is always, one senses, more behind the language than actually comes through it. In her best work she employed—it was an instinctive and inevitable choice—a tone of muted nostalgia. She knew that the Maine country she loved so well was slowly being pushed into a social impasse: it could not compete in the jungle warfare that was American life in the late nineteenth century. But even as this knowledge formed and limited her vision of things, she did not let it become the dominant content of her work, for she understood, or felt, that the obsolete also has its claim upon us. She was honest and tactful enough not to inflate her sense of passing and nostalgia with the urgencies of a heroism that could only have been willed; in her bare, linear stories about country people struggling to keep their farms alive, she made no false claims, for she saw that even when one or another figure in her Maine country might be heroic there was nothing distinctively heroic in the spectacle of a community in decline, a way of life gradually dying. But she knew—it was an enviable knowledge—that admiration and love can be extended to those who have neither the vocation nor the possibility for heroism. She paid a price, of course. In a country where literature has so often been given over to roaring and proclaiming and "promulging" it was nearly impossible for so exquisite an artist—exquisite precisely because she was, and knew she was, a minor figure—to be properly valued.

At first glance *The Country of the Pointed Firs* bears a certain structural resemblance to Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford.* In both books a young woman who has tasted urban knowledge returns to a quaint, outmoded village which represent pre-industrial society, and there observes the manners of its inhabitants with a mixture of fondness and amusement. But charming as *Cranford* obviously is, it does not seem to me nearly so good as Miss Jewett's book. Too often Mrs. Gaskell is content to bask in the soft glow of eccentricity and oddity, so that her narrator leaves Cranford pretty much the person she was. But Miss Jewett's "I" registers the meaning of Deephaven with an increase of force and insight that is beautifully arranged: for her the experienec of arriving and leaving becomes an education in mortality.

The people in *The Country of the Pointed Firs* are eccentrics, a little gnarled by the American weather and twisted by American loneliness; but it is not for a display of these deformities that Miss Jewett presents them. She is interested in reaching some human core beneath the crusted surface and like so many other American writers, like Anderson and Frost and Robinson, she knows the value and pathos of the buried life. That is why it is harmful, despite the fact that her stories are set in the same locale, to speak of her as a regional writer; for regional literature, by its very premise, implies a certain slackening of the human measure, a complacent readiness to accept the merely accidental and unusual.

With infinite delicacy Miss Jewett moves her light from one figure to another: the shy fisherman William who late in life returns to the interior country to claim his love; the jilted Miss Joanna Todd who in the immensity of her grief cuts herself off from humanity and lives alone on a coastal island; the touched sea captain who remembers journeys to places that never were; and most of all, Mrs. Almiry Todd, the central figure of the book, sharp-tongued, wise, witty, a somewhat greyed version of George Eliot's Mrs. Poyser. (As Mrs. Todd recalls her dead husband, "She might have been Antigone alone on the Theban plain. . . . An absolute, archaic grief possessed this countrywoman; she seemed like a renewal of some historic soul, with her sorrows and the remoteness of a daily life busied with rustic simplicities and the scents of primeval herbs.") The book is set in a dramatic present that is necessarily somewhat fragile, but it resounds with full echoes of the past: tradition lives as an element of experience, not a proposition of ideology. ("Conversation's got to have some root in the past," says an old lady, "or else you've got to explain every remark you make, an' it wears a person out.")

Like other books dealing with a relatively simple society, *The Country of the Pointed Firs* gains organic structure from its relaxed loyalty to the rhythms of natural life. The world it memorializes is small and shrinking, and the dominant images of the book serve only to bound this world more stringently: images of the ranked firs and the water, which together suggest the enclosing force of everything beyond the social perimeter. But meanwhile a community survives, endowed with rare powers of implicit communication: to say in this world that someone has "real feelins" is to say everything.

Finally the book is a triumph of style, a precise and delicate style such as we seldom find in nineteenth century American prose. The break-down of distinctions between prose and verse which occurs under the sponsorship of romanti-

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cism and for a variety of reasons is particularly extreme in America, where it produces two such ambiguous figures of genius as Melville and Whitman—this break-down hardly affected Miss Jewett. Very probably this is one reason she remained a minor figure while Melville and Whitman were, occasionally, major ones. But at the moment there is much to be gained from a study of her finely modulated prose, which never strains for effects beyond its reach and always achieves a secure pattern of rhythm. Listen to this sentence with its sly abrupt climax: "There was something quite charming in his appearance: it was a face thin and delicate with refinement, but worn into appealing lines, as if he had suffered from loneliness and misapprehension." Or to the lucid gravity of this sentence: "There was in the eyes a look of anticipation and joy, a far-off look that sought the horizon; one often sees it in seafaring families, inherited by girls and boys alike from men who spend their lives at sea, and are always watching for distant sails or the first loom of the land." Or to the wit of Mrs. Todd as she places her minister: "He seemed to know no remedies, but he had a great use of words."

The Country of the Pointed Firs is not a "great" book; it isn't *Moby Dick* or *Sister Carrie* or even *The Great Gatsby*. It cannot sustain profound exegesis or symbol hunting. In fact, all it needs is appreciation. But living as we do in a country where the grand too easily becomes synonymous with virtue and where minor works are underrated because major ones are overrated, it is good to remember that we have writers like Miss Jewett, calmly waiting for us to remember them.

Economic Values

IT IS not very often that a twenty-five year old book in any of the social sciences assumes additional relevance with the passage of time. Gunnar Myrdal's scholarly attack on economics as it has been practiced throughout its history seems more pointed today than in 1929, because economic problems appear so much graver than they have in the recent past and, therefore, the thoughts and actions of economists help or harm more people more directly. International disequilibrium, domestic instability, grinding poverty in much of the world: these are among the questions with which economists have wrestled and about which they have spoken with a divided voice.

Why the divided voice? Is not economics a science or, at least, is it not becoming steadily more scientific every day? Cannot scientists speak with certainty? Myrdal's answer to these questions in 1929 was to the effect that economics was not a science and economists were not scientists but that economics should become a science and economists should become scientists. His reasoning is interesting. In his view, economics has been impeded from its inception by metaphysics, which whether clear or cloudy are incapable of scientific analysis. Adam Smith imputed theological mention to the working of the price system, his immediate followers reasoned openly from natural law premises, later economists borrowed hazily from Bentham's unverifiable utilitarianism in order to develop theories of taxation and state action as inconsistent as they were unconvincing. And all economists have taken their own values as scientific facts, used them as policy criteria, and generalized about human behavior on this shaky foundation.

The Political Element in the Development of Economic Theory, by Gunnar Myrdal (Harvard; $5).

It appeared to Myrdal that the remedy was as obvious as the disease. Economists should stop pretending to be philosophers, cease to search for essences and underlying truths, and do what their subject and their training permitted, which is to say examine the relationships among observable facts: prices, currencies, incomes, and physical production. In time, empirical generalizations would flow from work conducted on these lines. But the economist's own personal values and private attitudes can only confuse his research. Until the profession understands this, Myrdal holds out —or held out—little hope for scientific advance in economics.

Although Myrdal today refers with some disapproval to his "youthful naïveté" on the score of investigating without a preliminary scheme of values to guide investigation, much in his indictment remains valid. The fault in much economic writing today is less that authors have values than that they are disguised or unclear. Too often textbooks in economics are apologies for various institutional arrangements based much less on analysis than on faith or value judgment. And what shall we say of the contradictory conclusions of economists in the employ of labor unions and industry, or of universities and farm organizations or of the Department of Justice and enterprises it polices?

But Myrdal's analysis leaves unsolved and, indeed, unstated a serious issue. The science of economic analysis is incomplete and imperfect partly for the reasons Myrdal adduces. The art of economic policy must, nevertheless, be practiced by governments which intervene in the economic affairs of their citizens—in two words, all governments. What is the appropriate attitude of an economist scientific in his tendencies? Should he abstain from all association with policy-making because of its nonscientific implications? Should he take the stand that he may report the findings of economc analysis and suggest the best technical means of implementing *any* economic policy suggested by a political superior? Or, is it hopeless even to try to separate economic from other considerations in policy-making?

As far as can be judged, the present Council of Economic Advisers, and especially its distinguished chairman, Dr. Arthur F. Burns, adheres to the second view. Dr. Burns has in the past expressed an acute sense of the limitations of economic analysis, economic forecasting, and economic policy. In his present post, he has refrained sedulously from public advocacy of specific policies and has written an economic report studiously dispassionate in temper and analytic in mode. In all of this, he compares favorably with some of his more vocal predecessors.

Yet this very report, the work of an eminent practitioner of the infant science of economics, contains the value judgments to which Myrdal objects, but which, apparently, the economic artist must employ. Its author assumes implicitly that recovery produced by private action is superior to recovery induced by government policy and intervention. He perforce compares the public disadvan-

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tage of a moderate increase in unemployment with that of enlarged public action. "Moderate" implies a value judgment, and the entire calculation another. These examples could be multiplied. They suffice, perhaps, to demonstrate that the most dispassionate of economic scientists must as economic adviser suggest what his value judgments dictate.

There is a simple moral to this story: When economists dabble in policy, they are no longer scientists. We can expect from them a clear distinction between their roles as analysts and political artists, and a sturdy effort to keep their own values out of work of the first kind. When they fail in either aim, we may hope that a sophisticated public will apprehend and punish.

It is even possible that economists will produce the critical public which goes so far to advance any discipline. Economists teach in schools, and write for large audiences. A Sumner Slichter in the New York *Times*, a Galbraith in the *Reporter* and elsewhere have wide influence.

But, we must return to our main point. Before economists can educate they must advance beyond their muddled conception of their own role. They must recognize and state their own values. They must repress the thought that when they have offered the advice of the technician they have fulfilled their mission in society. It may be that only the pessimism induced by the age of McCarthy suggests to me that we are a long way from accomplishing this worthy end, like most others. In the meantime, readers curious to know where economists have been and where they are now, could do much worse than to read Myrdal's delightfully argumentative book.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Notes on the Critics

ERIC BENTLEY has just been appointed to the Brander Matthews chair in Dramatic Literature at Columbia University. SIDNEY HOOK, who teaches at New York University, is the author of *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No.* IRVING HOWE is the author of a critical work on William Faulkner. ROBERT LEKACHMAN is on the Economics Faculty of Barnard College. Poet and critic STEPHEN SPENDER edits the British review *Encounter.*

MUSIC

THE International Congress of Contemporary Music at Rome opened its discussions with an address by Denis de Rougemont which challenged the very idea of contemporary music. De Rougement said that our century was unique musical history for having no such thing as a modern music in a contemporary style. There is nothing in common between the schools of tonality and atonality. Other epochs had a characteristic style, which was the result of their contemporaries having common beliefs. The only unity in modern music is the result of a kind of refusal to be like the work of other centuries—a result of the modern awareness that composers living today are different from those in every other period.

The music which was performed during the next ten days could be taken partly as commentary on, partly as an illustration of de Rougemont's thesis. Although the program planners seem to have conceived of "modern music" as atonal, they also had a fair-minded desire to be representative, and in this they could not avoid reflecting the confusion of contemporary standards.

A concert like that given on April 13th, conducted by Carlos Surinach, perhaps went further than any other to justify de Rougemont, and it provides a good central point from which to consider the problems raised by the Congress.

The program of this very characteristic and quite incohesive concert opened with two pieces which were entries for prizes in the Twentieth Century competition. It is by now no secret to say that these two studies for voice and instruments (their composers were not identified) were Lou Harrison's settings for some lines of William Morris, and Camillo Togni's for a passage of existentialist philosophizing by J. P. Sartre. These works were followed by three pieces for clarinet and piano by Alban Berg, Samuel Barber's *Hermit Songs* and a scene from a projected opera by H. Sauget.

In this selection, it was the Alban Berg which appeared assured and proportioned as a classic, while the Sauget seemed to be jumping backwards two generations to Richard Strauss, and Samuel Barber seemed—by contrast with all the works we had heard in the past week—to have written a song cycle as melodious and easy on the ear as a ballade in a Victorian concert hall. The Togni was descriptive of the dry anti-poetic world of Sartre. The Lou Harrison, miraculously sung by Leontyne Price, was scarcely more distinguished than the other dullish works contributed to the competition. Like them, it seemed specially written for a competition in which the composer felt that an atonal style was required by the judges; like them, the material seemed undigested. What one notices here is that Alban Berg, while being greatly in advance of the Barber and the Sauget, seems yet a classic.

Denis de Rougemont's thesis would have been irrefutable, if he had said not that there is no modern music, but that there has been a modern style which is now rejected. It has gone, perhaps, like cubism, with the loss of a faith, whose tide still ran strong in the 1920's, that a new art could create new forms which were the revelation of a world of exciting aesthetic experiences realer than the world of events. The material world is too much with us for anyone today to believe in art as an instrument for transforming a modern experience into a whole new world of strange sights and sounds. The composer in 1954 is just as much at a distance from Berg and Stavinsky as from Strauss, or, indeed, from Monteverdi. Thus what a meeting like this Rome Festival has seemed to illustrate is the search for a synthetic style, in which the composer is drawing on tonality as well as atonality, the past as much as the present. New effects no longer have that extraordinary purity of Berg in search for new sounds which are a musical experience to end the ennui of real experience. They are exploited, and become simply attempts to set a new fashion, such as that of starting a violin concerto with a cadenza (which affected three of the competing composers) or making an overture sound like a dirge (all the overtures sounded like dirges).

This Festival certainly did not prove to us that there is any great modern experimental impulse among composers. Technique has become a matter of blending styles and making compromises. Yet sincerity when it is deeply felt, or when it can be pursued through

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great complexities, remains impressive.

Thus Samuel Barber's *Hermit Songs*, although lacking the tension which makes his sonata and some of his other songs and orchestral works so compelling, had a moving purity which made them stand out. For me the outstanding new experiences of the Festival were Elliott Carter's string quartet, a very complex and sustained work, lacking in variety of mood, but of great intellectual power, and Petrassi's *Coro di morti*, described in the program as a dramatic madrigal for male voices, three pianos, flutes and percussion. This extremely dark and sombre work is surely a monumental elegy of its kind.

Most afternoons and evenings were spent listening to music, and the mornings of the first week to discussions on subjects such as "The Future of the Opera," "The Composer, the Interpreter and the Public," "Music and Politics." Of course, everyone made a point of being "disappointed" with these discussions but in fact a good many things worthwhile were said.

Discussions round and about an art are intrinsically unsatisfactory because they are really talking about the attitude of the artist to his art, which actually may have nothing to do with his own conversational rationalizations. Thus when Darius Milhaud says that what is required of the composer in his work is "humility, honesty and solitude," he is simply saying that he finds his own, and only his own, solutions in music and that these are incommunicable outside his music. The other things that composers say are, admittedly, only approximations expressing their feelings about their position as composers when they are not writing music. Thus we heard Fedele d'Amicis insist that every modern composer is under the necessity of creating a *chef d'oeuvre* or of being a failure, whereas past composers could be content merely to obey rules; and Rawsthorne point out that in the past composers wrote for a limited society, whereas today they must address themselves to large heterogeneous masses.

One disaster of the Cold War is that intellectual discussions on topics such as the Artist and the Public, and Art and Politics, inevitably move on predetermined lines because each side is driven into a logical last ditch to defend its position, and there is no common ground of good faith on which to meet. The Westerner is forced to defend the complete isolation of his individuality, while the Easterner justifies himself by the myth of the people. Between these two extremes, almost every original idea appears a weak compromise, but either extreme is depressing. Thus Roman Vlad's introduction to the theme of "Composer, Critic and the Public" had the air of being an excellent mental exercise. In the discussion on "Music and Politics" Mario Zafred made a speech twice as long as that permitted to speakers, attacking the unhealthy, rootless decadence represented by the Festival, in the name of the boundless good health of the "other side."

From time to time people got up and attacked the main speakers for not being "concrete" and put forward what they themselves regarded as "concrete" proposals. Yet in spite of all this, I think that the Festival would have had far less meaning without the discussions. To say this, is to some extent a criticism of the works performed. But after all the aim of this meeting was to consider a cross-section of current musical idioms and to hear the ideas of those who used them.

It is difficult to judge how this Festival would have gone off if held anywhere except Rome. As it was, being bathed in masterpieces at the Vatican, the Forum, the Borghese Palace and so on, one could drop into the *oeuvres* of 1954 with equanimity. Besides, these were nearly always carried through with the great élan of the RAI orchestra who achieved miracles in the way of performing new works for the first (and perhaps only) time. There were also shocks to revive us, such as the scandal caused by the Rome opera authorities turning Stravinsky out of the first performance of Hans Werner Henze's *Boulevard Solitude* (for not wearing black-tie); and the indignation with which Rome and the audience received this curious work with its painfully bad libretto and its music harking back to Kurt Weil and the 1920's. Altogether the Festival was a lively success and points to immense possibilities if a few mistakes could be avoided, and if on another occasion one of the competitors for the prizes should be a genius.

Rome STEPHEN SPENDER

to separate FACT from FRAUD in Psychoanalysis READ

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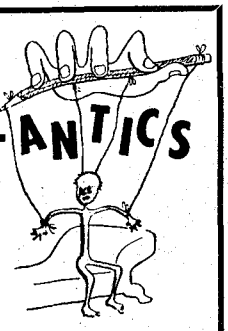

by Maurice Natenberg

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THEATRE

Teahouse of the August Moon by John Patrick, based on the novel by Vern Sneider, has won both the Pulitzer Prize and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award. My vote, if I had one (on either voting body), would have gone to Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial,* despite my own and the *NR* editors' dissent from the politics of it. The reasons for this would, I hope, be clear to anyone who read my review of Mr. Wouk's play. Let me proceed—after protesting that Saul Bellow was not given a Pulitzer for fiction (no award was made at all!)—to explain why I would *not* have voted for *Teahouse.*

In a brief notice of the play last fall this column said:

> Not having read his book, I can say nothing for or against Mr. Sneider. What is clear from merely seeing Mr. Patrick's play is that it lives exactly as the final version of *Mister Roberts* lived—only as one very limited sort of theatre. It never gets outside the small world of vaudeville sketches, and inside that world it lives as powerfully as *Mister Roberts* only through one character, a *Mister Roberts* character, the bad captain—here re-incarnate as a colonel. . . . I hasten to agree that it's a nice show, my objections to a nice show being only the normal objections to a nice girl.

And I went on to deplore the fact that our theatre doesn't provide anything of more consequence for a Robert Lewis to direct or a Peter Larkin to design. Since that date, however, *Teahouse* has not only proved a smash hit, has not only been crowned with laurel, it has also—in many quarters, including, apparently, the Army and the State Department—been taken very seriously. And I am reminded that, indeed, it was not light entertainment only. On a stomach that had imbibed Robert Anderson's tea and sympathy only a week earlier, it lay a little heavy. So much more of exactly the same diet was hard to take. The tea was tolerable enough, it was the sympathy—and its correlative antipathies. Let me explain.

The sympathy is for the Okinawans. An Oriental tells me he regards *Teahouse* less as a compliment to the East than as a perpetuation of "the *Mikado* tradition" according to which Orientals are cute and infantile. We of the West probably wouldn't place the play precisely in that context, but we certainly can see it in the tradition of the Noble Savage, always dear to our dramatists. The Noble Savage, nowadays, is usually Latin-American, Sicilian, or just Italian. *Teahouse of the August Moon* puts him back in the Pacific Ocean which was his home in the days of *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *Mutiny on the Bounty.*

The point the playwrights always made about the Noble Savage was that he wasn't really a savage at all; it was our non-savage fellow citizens who were savage; the miscalled savage lived at peace with nature and himself. Applied to the current world situation in *Teahouse of the August Moon* and *The Girl on the Via Flaminia,* the idea is that Orientals and Latins are better than Americans.

So far as I know, only Americans *have* applied the idea to the world situation; and, if Orientals and Latins applied it, I suppose they'd have to say that Americans are better than Orientals and Latins. For the intention, insofar as it is rational, is the fine one of blaming yourself and not the other fellow; the trouble being that the pattern is not solely a rational intention; it appeals to something in us that is sub- and even anti-rational. The notion that they "do these things better in France" is a dangerous illusion not only because it spreads a pleasant falsehood about France but because the implied attitude to one's own country is not at all limited to rational self-criticism. Part of its content is self-hatred; another part, sheer diffidence (surely not a virtue); and another element is the impulse to dramatize and simplify which takes the form, here, of arriving at your opinion by mere inversion of the enemy's opinion; rabid nationalists think foreigners are wicked and Americans are noble, therefore. . . .

On Broadway, Okinawans are sweet-natured and wise, Americans irate and stupid; Italians are passionate and sensitive, Americans coldly sensual and callous: "*You* may have Leonardo," the American protagonist of *The Girl on the Via Flaminia* tells his mistress, "but we have U. S. Steel;" while his opposite number on the Latin side—a young Italian from Mussolini's African army—is romantic and quotes Leopardi. At this point the Noble Savage has dropped the last remnant of his savagery and is a cultivated gentleman, heir of the ages.

It is hardly necessary to say in NR that implacable criticism of America is a perennial task of American liberalism. But if playwrights venture into politics—and *Teahouse* is being performed on Okinawa itself in the name of international goodwill—they lay themselves open to political criticism—that is, to criticism in terms of the present situation and not simply in terms of universal principle. To paint a romanticized picture of common people in other lands in order to contrast it with the crass behavior of American colonels and GI's who prate about U. S. Steel is a political act. A cultural historian could scarcely fail to link it with the picture presented in books, movies, and plays issuing from the other side of the Iron Curtain.

I am not trying to tie our authors to Malenkov in the way in which they might be tempted to tie me to Senator McCarthy. It is simply that our criticism of America is only good when its motives are healthy; when it doesn't take the form of rhetorical patterns and the merest folk-lore; in short, when it is truthful. As for foreigners, I return to my Oriental friend's remark. Messrs. Sneider and Patrick wanted to pay people like my friend a compliment. He took it—rightly, I think—as an insult. Our playwrights, Critics' Circles, and Pulitzer committees should place the whole question of patriotisms and international good will under advisement.

Or make sure that we don't take them seriously.

ERIC BENTLEY

P.S. While I'm in a protesting vein, let me report this. One of the more interesting plays of the season was Robert Hivnor's *The Ticklish Acrobat,* produced by The Artists' Theatre. No review appeared in the *Times.* The *Times* sent its third-string critic; we all saw him leave in the middle. Rumor has it that Brooks Atkinson then decided the *Times* would not be interested in attending *any* Artists' Theatre shows in future. Now since when has Mr. Atkinson limited his coverage to *good shows?* "All the news that's fit to print." Which, being translated, means: "Don't criticize—ostracize."

E. B.

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(Continued from page 8)

A young patriot had given him the letter, McCarthy added, one whose "duty to his country was above any duty to any Truman directive." His voice rose in pitch until in his excitement and confusion he addressed the startled Ray Jenkins as "Mr. Welch."

From then on McCarthy's testimony was loaded with inaccuracies. The Republicans handled him gingerly; the Democrats were hesitant. At last it was the turn of Mr. Welch. Seated in McCarthy's former chair, he leaned on his elbow, dapper in a brown suit and green bow tie, his face scarlet with purplish veins, his finger crooked on his cheek, his brows furrowed as he looked with an air of unbelief at the witness.

Through the smoky brilliance of the floodlights, McCarthy glared back. He too leaned forward and looked sideways at the Army Counsel. A roll of flesh beneath his black eyebrows enveloped his upper eyelids, making slits of his eyes, and giving to his face an almost Satanic look.

Slowly the two men circled and closed.

WELCH: The oath (you took) included a promise, a solemn promise to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Is that correct, sir?

MCCARTHY: I understood the oath, Mr. Welch.

WELCH: And when you took it, did you have some mental reservation, some Fifth or Sixth Amendment notions that you could measure what you would tell?

MCCARTHY: I don't take the Fifth or Sixth Amendment.

WELCH: Have you some private reservation when you take the oath that you will tell the whole truth?

MCCARTHY: The answer is that there is no reservation about telling the whole truth.

WELCH: Thank you, Sir. Then tell us who delivered the document to you!

MCCARTHY: The answer is no. You will not get the information.

WELCH: Will you tell us where you were when you got it?

MCCARTHY: No.

WELCH: Were you in Washington?

MCCARTHY The answer was I would not tell you. . . .

WELCH: How soon after you got it did you show it to anyone?

MCCARTHY: I don't remember.

WELCH: To whom did you first show it?

MCCARTHY: I don't recall.

WELCH: Can you think of the names of anyone to whom you showed it?

MCCARTHY: . . . I wouldn't know.

WELCH: You wouldn't know?

MCCARTHY: No.

It continued until Dirksen slid in to rescue McCarthy. But the damage was done. Once again the Army Counsel had shown a matchless dramatic sense. Before 10 million Americans he had led McCarthy to behave in the exact manner of the surly witness before his own Committee. McCarthy had taught the nation to despise those witnesses, branding them "Fifth Amendment Communists" for their refusal to tell what they knew. What was the nation now to infer? Whether or not he understood fully the profundity of his action, Welch had penetrated at last to the heart of the matter. In the deepest and most classical sense McCarthy was a revolutionary. Like the Communists and the Nazis, he sought to overthrow existing values. Like them he devoured his allies and sought total power. Like them, in his quest for power, he regarded as moral that which advanced his course.

As if to confirm this analysis, McCarthy acted from then on as a revolutionary would. Caught in one possible crime, the acceptance of stolen documents, he promised to commit another by releasing them over the ban of the Department of Justice. Jenkins ruled with Mundt's support, that McCarthy need not divulge his source because he was a "law enforcing officer . . . ferreting out crimes." This incredible ruling, which granted McCarthy's whole claim in encroaching on the Executive's duty and power to handle subversion, saved McCarthy from a contempt citation. And yet, careless of his good fortune, McCarthy plunged recklessly on. He defied the whole Executive power.

He spoke of the letter "allegedly from Mr. Brownell." He cried that no "Truman directive or any other directive" would prevent him from publishing secrets. He affirmed that he would be the judge of what was lawful and demanded that the Committee join him in refusing to be "lackeys" of an appointive official, the Attorney General of the United States. He further demanded that the Administration and the Republican Party stand behind him because he had made "a solemn promise to voters from coast to coast" in the 1952 campaign.

Yet beneath this bluster he seemed unnerved. To justify his defiance it was necessary to transport the whole controversy beyond the outer boundaries of reason and into the realms where paranoids feed on each other's nightmarish fears. He cried that "live spies" were "poised with a razor over the jugular vein of this nation" and held that the subcommittee actions might determine whether the United States would live or die.

In evidence, he cited one man who once lent his back yard for a picnic in aid of Spanish refugees. Winding and grinding upwards like an air raid siren, his voice rose until it became a shrill whine. Then the happy and natty man of the previous morning seemed truly like the wild Caliban, crying

> For every trifle are they set upon me:
> Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me
> And after bite me; . . . sometimes am I
> All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
> Do hiss me into madness.

In contrast, for a man who seemed a little disconsolate on the morning of May 5, Mr. Welch was all smiles.

"Sir," said one of a group of reporters as the hearing ended, "how will all this affect your work in Boston?"

"Perhaps," he answered, "I shall become so famous in the course of these hearings that I won't have to work ever again!"

"You don't call this work, do you, Mr. Welch?" asked one reporter with a grin.

The Bostonian beamed at the young man. "I think," he mused, "I would classify it in my files under *W* for work."

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Wallace and the Farmers

Prof. Mitchell has drawn so many false conclusions (in his article, *New Republic,* May 10, 1954) I cannot take the time to go into them all. On the one hand I have complete sympathy with Prof. Mitchell's objectives because they were identified so completely with *my* administration as Secretary of the US Department of Agriculture. On the other hand I refuse to get into an argument with a man who does not know but ought to know how completely identified I have been over the years with the doctrine that the farm problem could not be solved except by "full employment" and "expanded world trade based on American leadership to raise the living standards of the backward areas of the world." When Roosevelt offered me any Cabinet position I wished (except State) in the fall of 1944 I chose Commerce because I thought I could do the most good in that post for the farmers by emphasizing "full employment" and "expanded world trade based on development of the backward areas." Can Prof. Mitchell have forgotten the phrases "globaloney" and "milk for Hottentots" hurled at me?

Prof. Mitchell says that if we get "full employment" and "higher living standards in the backward areas" there will be shortage not surplus. This reminds me of the argument used when corn was 10 cents, wheat 40 cents and cotton 5 cents that there was no surplus as long as there was a single hungry or naked Chinese or Hindu in the world. Nothing would have ever been accomplished for the farmer if we had been guided in our immediate approach by such counsels.

Prof. Mitchell freely admits that high, fixed prices will not solve the farm problem. His answer is a program which would increase our present large storage supplies many fold—corn to more than 3 billion bushels, wheat to more than 1 billion bushels and cotton to more than 13 million bales. At the same time he would make supervised loans designed to increase efficient production on the part of two thirds of the farmers. These loans through the FHA would amount to roughly $20 billion. Also he would spend more than a billion dollars annually on giving away food and fiber to the underclothed and underfed of this country and the world.

Ideals and *theoretical* objectives are one thing. The immediately practical is something else. No Republican nor Democratic Administration at any time in the next four or five years will pass a farm program which will cost even one third as much as that suggested by Prof. Mitchell.

With regard to wheat I say we shall have to eliminate the war expanded acres. Otherwise we shall greatly damage not merely much of our Western soil but also our Canadian and Australian friends by a vast volume of heavily subsidized exports. With regard to corn we can get maximum farm income by gradually reducing the corn loan to perhaps 80 percent of parity. I will say that diverted corn, wheat and cotton acres should be put into soil building crops and not into grain crops.

In conclusion I would urge that no one be allowed to make the Ever-Normal Granary into such an Abnormal Granary that it is subject to successful and justifiable attack by tax-paying consumers. Nor should the annual agricultural appropriation be so large as to cause the tax-paying consumers to rise up in their wrath to smite it.

I am sorry that either you or Prof. Mitchell inferred by the title given to Prof. Mitchells piece "Don't Kick the Farmer," that I had been engaging in that activity. I would appreciate it if you and Prof. Mitchell would make it clear that such was not your intent.

HENRY A. WALLACE

South Salem, N. Y.

► Attacks Mallan Article

John P. Mallan, in his article on Massachusetts politics in the *New Republic* of May 3, gives an exceedingly bland and disingenuous account of Foster Furcolo's speech before the ADA state convention in Massachusetts. In Mr. Mallan's disarming picture, all Mr. Furcolo did was to present a reasoned argument that ADA had outlived its usefulness.

Actually, his speech was a vulgar and rambling diatribe. It did much more than attack ADA. By inference, Furcolo accepted and approved the Republican contention that the Democratic Party has been consistently soft on Communism. He said, for example:

> I would like to see everyone in the Democratic Party say, "We are opposed to Communists and subversives. We'll get rid of them wherever they may be found. We'll do it whether it helps us or hurts us politically." It seems to me that position would be more in the interests of this nation than any other attitude. The nation comes before the party.

The obvious effect of this is to suggest that many Democrats have *not* been opposed to "Communists and subversives"; and that taking an anti-Communist position somehow involves a choice between the nation and the party.

Even worse, in a ringing defense of Congressional investigation, Furcolo cited his own work on the committee to investigate the Katyn Massacre:

> After our investigation, we on that committee made certain findings and recommendations. If they had been followed, thousands of Americans and others murdered by the Communists in Korea would be alive today. Those lives could have been saved.

In short, Furcolo, a Democrat, herewith charged the Truman administration with responsibility for the murder of "thousands" of American prisoners in Korea. It is hardly necessary to say that his claims for the recommendations of his committee are preposterous—which makes his inferential attack on the Democratic administration the more shocking.

Subsequently Furcolo gave an interview to the *Christian Science Monitor* (December 17, 1954). The *Monitor* interview points out that the main issue between Furcolo and ADA is McCarthy. It goes on to say:

> Mr. Furcolo asserts he does not know "whether Senator McCarthy will or should be an issue in the 1954 elections. I certainly think the attitude of all candidates toward Communism and subversion should be an issue."
>
> Asserting he had not personally seen Senator McCarthy in action and did not want to take a position on his methods without close personal observation, Mr. Furcolo adds, however: "Senator McCarthy has alerted the

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nation to two things: (1) The danger of international Communism, (2) Due process of law."

These quotations should make it clear that Foster Furcolo, in his hunger for public office, has decided that the shortest way to advancement is to curry favor with pro-McCarthy voters in Massachusetts, and that the shortest way to do this is to join the reactionary clamor against ADA and the Democratic Party. In so doing, he has adopted the main premises of McCarthyism and has thereby surely forfeited any support from liberal voters in Massachusetts.

Nor is it true, as Mr. Mallan suggests, that Democrats in Massachusetts have to be pro-McCarthy. Former Governor Dever has been outspoken and courageous in criticizing reckless methods of Congressional investigation, the political use of the FBI, and the activites of Attorney General Brownell. Another candidate for the Democratic nomination for Senator, Mark Dalton has made opposition to McCarthy a central part of his campaign. When President Truman on a recent visit to Boston was asked his opinion of Furcolo's statements about ADA, he replied, "I am very sorry to say that Mr. Furcolo doesn't know what he is talking about."

These are all relevant facts for *New Republic* readers. None of them appears in Mr. Mallan's tricky little piece.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

► Mallan Defends His Case

An evaluation of Foster Furcolo's liberalism, like that of any man in public life, must be based on his entire record as a federal and state figure, a record which had not only won him the highest praise from liberal and labor groups but had led the Massachusetts ADA to endorse him three times and to think of him as one of the most promising liberals in state history until the moment of his ADA speech.

The Furcolo address has never yet been published anywhere except in tantalizing fragments. The larger part of the speech was devoted neither to the ADA nor to the quotations selected by Mr. Schlesinger, but to an impassioned presentation of the social and economic reforms brought about by the Democrats under Roosevelt and Truman, and also, as my article indicated, to a defense of the liberal nature of present Democratic leadership.

Perhaps Mr. Furcolo himself should be asked to deal with the specific Schlesinger points of criticism. I wonder, however, if Mr. Schlesinger would disagree with the general argument that, while the Democratic Party has dealt properly with Communism—as he and I believe—it has been singularly unsuccessful in presenting its own point of view on this problem to many voters. The articulate and liberal elements of the party have perhaps been particularly remiss in presenting their case; Mr. Schlesinger himself, in his *Vital Center* and elsewhere, has written very well on the unwillingness of some liberals—not himself—to face the realities of a world of subversion and espionage.

One astute ADA leader once commented that the group will some day have to decide whether it wishes to be a theological organization or a ward organization. As a Fabian and educational society, it might do a great deal to educate the public on such issues as McCarthy's attack on the Democratic Party, the Bishop Sheil statement on the Senator, and McCarthy's over-all batting average in dealing with Communists. Political leaders, on the other hand, must function in the climate of opinion which now exists.

I did not say that "Democrats in Massachusetts have to be pro-McCarthy." However, a recent study by two men at Harvard of a typical Democratic ward in Boston shows that many lifetime Democrats are at present holding two contradictory views, without difficulty: they continue to support the Democratic Party and the leadership of Truman and Stevenson, but they also have a great fear of internal Communism and a strong belief that McCarthy is a sort of non-political crime fighter like J. Edgar Hoover, and is doing an excellent job. I have found no serious political observer who does *not* feel that this is the prevalent attitude among Massachusetts voters.

Governor Dever's remarks were confined to men like Brownell; he did not mention McCarthy, nor has any other office-holder of either party attacked him, to my knowledge. Dalton, while a courageous man, is generally considered a gadfly with no chance of nomination.

The ADA-Furcolo rift is unfortunate, in this writer's opinion, and best put aside in the light of larger considerations, both state and national.

JOHN P. MALLAN

Cambridge, Mass.

► Is Ho Chi Minh a Tito?

In his latest article, your correspondent, Frank Gorrell, appears willing to entertain the theory that Ho Chi Minh might become another Markos. It seems to me that before this can happen, which means before Ho Chi Minh would be abandoned by the great powers of the Communist world, two pre-conditions are necessary. He must suffer serious military setbacks and there must be a Tito. Only wishful thinking can call the present military position in Indo-China bad for Ho and there is no indication that Mao Tse Tung is on the verge of becoming Mao Tse Tito. In these circumstances, it can only be harmful to cloud the real issues in Indo-China by giving credence to suppositions which may become a reality but are not likely to become so in the next few years.

PETER J. ALLEN

New York City

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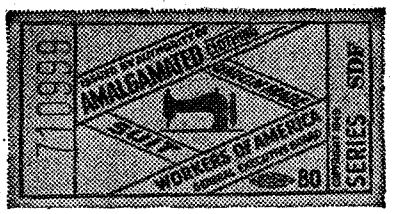

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